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## IS THERE A NATIONAL SPIRIT IN "THE NEW POETRY" OF AMERICA? BY AMY LOWELL



WE hear a great deal today about "The New Poetry." Magazines and newspapers print long articles upon it, and people take sides for and against in so heated a fashion as to show that poetry is once more a matter of vital interest. Why? What has brought about this changed attitude? For that it is a changed attitude one has only to look back one short decade to see.

A few years ago the idea that poetry, or anything to do with it, could have any interest for the great public, would have been received by editors and advertising managers with a deprecating smile. Everybody professed to consider poetry of importance, a beautiful thing to cultivate, but nobody read it. No active body, that is. It was all very well for lovesick youth and sentimental old age, but for robust middle life! We lived in a practical era, we were told; and there was a general feeling that all the real poets were dead, and that there would never be any others.

Now there was a good deal of truth in this. There usually is a good deal of truth in anything which is an indubitable fact. Poetry was moribund. Men still wrote it, to be sure, but the kind they wrote had so little in common with the bright, rushing, vivid life other men were living, it is small wonder it seemed to these what the French call *fadé*: tasteless and a little sickly.

*All of a sudden there leapt into the world a new poetry.* A poetry as energetic, as rapid and full of color as the life it reflected. It was not afraid of the scorn of academic professors, it shrugged its shoulders when people made fun of it, and struck out smartly when anybody aimed a blow at it. It was a good-natured vagabond, but a vagabond who intended to make his way in the world, that was clear. The world is a good deal like the proverbial thistle, if you grab it with firm intention it will usually yield. In this case the world yielded, sputtering, deprecating, denying; it yielded its profound attention. It could no more ignore the youngster than it could ignore an East wind. Stately gentlemen gave it diplomas of faint praise wrapped in the tinfoil of admonition; less stately gentlemen, with anachronistic souls, raved at it and splattered it with mud; a throng of unworthy

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imitators sprang up and hid it behind them. Still it went on—growing—growing. We, the world, have been obliged to acknowledge its existence; and to admit some merit to that existence. "The New Poetry" is, and is simply because it deserves to be, because it contains the real heart of the race.

**W**E have never had a definite American poetry before, a definite movement toward it, that is. Only two of our poets, Poe and Walt Whitman, were truly American. By this I do not mean that our poets did not write on American subjects, but that they did so in the true English fashion, and a little less well than the poets of the parent stock. Critically, they should be considered rather as English provincial poets than as American poets. We were colonials in everything except Government. Our ideas in all the arts came from England, we acknowledged England to be "home" in all things spiritual. No Australian or Anglo-Indian was more convinced of the parentage of England than those Americans who elected to be poets. This vassalage was unconscious, of course, but it was none the less real.

Two great American poets we did have: Poe and Walt Whitman; but neither of them received the honor which was his due in his lifetime. Whitman was an innovator in form and a pagan moralist in substance, and stately, cultivated New England (the literary tribunal of those days) misunderstood and was scandalized, while the vigor of Poe's imagination was so foreign to its placid, incurious temper as to remain unrewarded until its possessor had died of the combined effects of drink and despair.

Gradually the attitude of our country changed. Latin and Celtic immigration began to show its influence. We may deny it; we may say that the immigrants were of so low a class that their effect upon the world of ideas must be *nil*. The fact remains. Constant contact with these people had its effect. Then Americans traveled and lived abroad. And it was not in England with its fogs and gloomy skies that they lived. It was in Italy; it was in France. "All good Americans when they die go to Paris," is an old saying in my part of the country. They read French, they came in contact with French thought. Insensibly they were modified away from purely British influences.

At the same time, the great wave of change was sweeping over all the arts. Wagner came, created a perfect maelstrom of revolts, and smoothed a way to the placid flow of daily life. Our young men studied painting in Paris, came under the influence of Manet and Monet, and brought home new ways of seeing things to astonish the

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native *bourgeoisie*. Americans demanded music, and outgrowing home talent, demanded the imported best. The best came, and the public was fed upon the latest musical excitement from countries where music is an exciting and vital thing.

**T**HEN the poets took fire and began writing as they felt, as all the influences about them had caused them to feel. People who had not come under the artistic influences I am speaking of were surprised. This was iconoclastic; it was dreadful. But it was not dreadful, it was not iconoclastic; it was merely growth. For the first time in its history, America was having an artistic upheaval; it had grown up enough to develop a sincere artistic life, chosen because it cared for it, no longer in leading strings.

It is small wonder that people brought up in the old conventions, blind and deaf to the great changes going on all about them, should find themselves nonplussed by the originality and strangeness of the New Poetry. It is an old platitude that nothing is so strange as truth. If a man looks into his own soul and writes down what he finds there, he himself will be startled by its unlikeness to what he expected. To be absolutely sincere about one's reactions is as difficult in art as in life. For a country long in leading strings to break them and possess itself of its own extended orbit requires high courage and a great impulse and necessity. That we have so many entirely American poets today is a proof of that courage and that impulse.

Art is a progression; a marching from the known into the unknown. It must start from the conventional and fare forth on its quest for truth. It is truth for an artist to present himself, with his own thoughts and his own likes and dislikes. One can no more attain to the position of a great national poet by thinking about it, than one can add a cubit to one's stature. But what is in the soul comes out, perforce. If an artist is the product of an environment, it will saturate all his work. And as a country produces many kinds of men, so it must produce many kinds of artists. The richer and more varied the national life, the richer and more varied is found to be its artistic output.

Nobody denies personality to the American people. But how hard it has been to get that personality into the higher forms of art! Until recently the higher forms of art have been compressed in the bonds of theory. This, and that, and the other, were to be done, and different things were emphatically not to be done; and for the simple reason that our English cousins, expressing themselves, had never done them. That we were no longer like these same cousins in our lives or our thoughts was not taken into consideration.

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**B**UT the mold has broken and the new product stands out in the clear light. Take the poets of today. Where, in English poetry, do you find the prototype of Edgar Lee Masters, or Vachel Lindsay, or John Gould Fletcher, or even Robert Frost, whose content is purely American although his form is more nearly akin to tradition than that of the other men I have mentioned.

Now why have these men chosen to desert the traditional English forms? The answer is simple. It is that form is merely the outer garment of substance. What these men had to say was different from what any English poet has ever had to say. We may not realize it, but slowly, before our eyes, the American race is being born. And one of the evidences of it is that we are beginning to hew new pathways for ourselves in this most intimate thing—Poetry, and to free ourselves from the tutelage of another nation.

An English weekly, "The New Statesman," recently published a paper which contained this passage:

"Until recently it used commonly to be observed that American poetry was, as a whole, the most old-fashioned in the world. Even Whitman, a native product and a genuine poet, came and went without apparently exercising much influence on the more intelligent of his fellow-countrymen. He had an influence in France and in England; but the most popular, and indeed the better American verse-writers still preferred to write quatrains like Matthew Arnold's, or, at most, villanelles like those produced in England in the 'nineties. Recently there has been a change both in manner and in matter. There are still swarms of extraordinarily conventional poetasters in the States, but a number of the younger writers show marks of Whitmanian and other modern influences. They write in *verse-libre* (or in prose lines of unequal length, as the case may be); they try to express what they see and feel and not what Alfred, Lord Tennyson saw and felt; they do not confine their attention to objects traditionally admitted to be poetical; they write, in fact, as if they really were our contemporaries."

That needs no comment; I merely cite it to support my contention that we are really beginning to produce an original poetry at last.

"The New Poetry" is often understood to mean "free verse," but that would exclude Vachel Lindsay, and much of my own work. The whole New Movement in poetry is a matter of substance rather than of form. Form is merely an adjunct, but because form is more quickly noticed than content, it is principally on the question of form that people have been moved to argue. I shall come back to the form in a moment. Just now I want to lay down some general rules for defining the substance of the New Movement.



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Elsewhere, I have said that its chief characteristic was "externality." By that I mean the interest in things for their own sake, apart from their effect upon the poet. It is the reverse of the old "pathetic fallacy." The New Poet sees a world in which he is passionately interested, but in which he is only one of many factors. To portray that world as he sees it is his concern. It may be the life in the street just outside his window with which he is occupied, or it may be a historic and æsthetic interest in other peoples and places; but his method of approach in either case is the same. It is a passionate desire for truth, and a dispassionate attitude toward whatever his search for truth may bring him. He records; he does not moralize. He holds no brief for or against, he merely portrays.

"This art is cold," cry the older generation, "it is immoral." It is neither the one nor the other. Because the artist speaks no moral, it does not mean that none exists. Lives carry their own moral with them. The world of "The New Poetry" is like the world of reality, the morals are there, but it is for us, the readers, to pronounce them.

**A**NOTHER desire of the modern poet is to record his truth, not someone else's. To express what he feels, not, as "The New Statesman" has it, what Alfred, Lord Tennyson would have felt. Now it is very difficult to know when one is thinking one's own thoughts, we have all of us read so much, and imbibed so many thoughts belonging to other men, that one has to go on through the phase of imitation (often unconscious imitation) to reach a clear, personal outlook again. This process is called education and development. But it is strangely distrusted by many people, who wrongly suppose that it kills naturalism and originality instead of fostering them. As a matter of plain fact, only two kinds of people can be perfectly simple and perfectly direct. Those who have had no education, and those who have had a great deal. It is a little education that is dangerous—a fact which is seldom denied except when we are speaking of "The New Poetry." Now in this country of educational institutions which do not educate, it would be exceedingly difficult—nay, impossible—to find the man, poet or other, who is in a state of primitive simplicity. So it is safer to hunt for directness among those poets who have earnestly studied their art. And the New Poets, whatever else you deny them, must be acknowledged to have worked hard and mastered the technique of poetry, even to the discarding of much that many people still hold precious.

Every young writer begins by imitating his predecessors, as is quite right and proper. For an individual reproduces in himself the gradual evolution of the race. As the writer develops, he sloughs off

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this subserviency to other men, and produces an art in which he can express himself unhampered. Now, originality is not very well understood by the world at large. In nine cases out of ten, it is distinctly antipathetic and disturbing. The man of original mind is called every kind of thing: idiot, hypocrite, charlatan. He is accused of tearing down art, of dragging it through the mire, of shutting it up in an insane asylum. When he puts down the visions of his imagination on paper, he is accused of having spent days seeking for an unusual image, and denounced as a mere hunter after the bizarre. When the truth of the matter is that those thoughts are his every-day companions.

It never seems to occur to anybody that the greater the poet, the less he is like the run of ordinary men. Every one in cool debate will admit that a poet must be different, but when he puts down his differences on paper, the "man in the street" cries out that these ideas are not his and that therefore the poet must be artificial and insincere.

**P**OETIC movements go through regular stages. First is the era of change, of stepping out to conquer new territory; then is the era of accomplishment, when the ground conquered is developed to the utmost extent of its resources; last comes the era of decay. Those poets born to the first era are always treated to contempt and hilarity. But never does the contempt and hilarity stop the march of events. "The New Poetry" in America today is in the era of change. It fully realizes this, however much other people may doubt it. And you will admit that it is facing its task with high courage.

This courage is one of the distinguishing marks of modern poetry. I have said that the "new" poet did not shrink from whatever the search for truth might bring him, and along with many sad and painful realizations experienced mentally, comes the buzzing of the gnat-like mob teasing him and allowing him no rest.

There is much discussion today as to whether "The New Poetry" is democratic, and one of the favorite clubs against it is that Miss Jones, the stenographer, and Brown, the hod-carrier, do not care for it. Being a democratic country, we are much concerned to have all our activities democratic. There is a pathetic side to this; it is such a straining after a loved ideal. The truth is that we are confusing two kinds of democracy, and confounding the greater with the less. For, in one sense, no art can be democratic; in another, art is the most democratic thing in the world.

Democracy as applied to government means the ruling of all the people by a majority of the people. Politics is an affair of the present; art is an affair of centuries. So we may say that democracy as applied

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to art means the consensus of opinion enduring for long periods of time. And it is certain that only by appealing to this consensus of opinion can art live at all. Only those things for which mankind thirsts will be retained from year to year. The ephemeral, the meretricious, will soon disappear, because the democracy of the ages has no use for them.

I am quite aware, however, that this is not the sense in which the touchstone of democracy has been applied to "The New Poetry" to confound it. In this sense I say unhesitatingly that "The New Poetry" is not democratic, because no art can be democratic. Is it possible that there is anybody so blinded by a beloved theory as to think for a moment that the great mass of people has any artistic desire, any real artistic taste. If our painters really wished to follow the majority of public taste, their pictures would be endless variations of the smart American girl; if our composers were to be awarded a prize by a *per capita* vote, Irving Berlin would go wreathed in laurel. No, as Mr. James Oppenheim very justly said in an excellent letter to the "New York Times" a few months ago:

"... When shall we call style democratic? When it appeals to the kindergarten age, the primary age, the high school age, or the university age? And having found our standard, let us ask whether all poetry must conform to it; whether, then, we must throw out such rather cryptic works as the Book of Job, Revelation, and 'Ring and the Book,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Faust'—to mention a few.

"It seems to me, however, that even in a democracy education is deemed of importance. That is to say, that it is not taken for granted that a child can directly absorb the knowledge of the world, but has to be taught. . . ."

Few things require more education than taste.

**I** THINK of three poets who have been absolutely with the people; who by all rights should be the people's poets. They are: Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, and Paul Fort. But I doubt very much whether the people care a straw for any of them. Even today, there is no doubt that any universal suffrage would give the palm to Longfellow over Whitman, to Tennyson over Carpenter, and to Rostand over Fort.

That there are men in every walk of life with real poetic feeling in their hearts I do not for a moment deny, and it is to these men that poets with the welfare of the people at heart should address themselves. For poetry should try to lift men to its level, not sink itself to theirs. And does this new and widespread interest in poetry tell the objectors nothing? Do they not see that this "New Poetry" is

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reaching a large class of people who were numb to the older types of poetry, because in them they found nothing which made them feel at home? This life of the poets was not the life they were living, these thoughts were not in the least like those which dogged them from sunrise until sunset. But the New Poets live in the same kind of cities that they do, the flux of current events washes over them as it does over the man who reads. Their points of view are native, familiar. They write in the syntax of every-day speech, and open wide doors of vision with a key at every one's disposal. And there comes the old cry which means success to the artist: "We have always thought that, but we have never seen it put down in black and white before."

This is no contradiction of what I said a moment ago about the artist being an unusual man and his thoughts therefore unusual. The conventional minded do not like originality, but there are many people who are only conventional because they have not the mental vigor to find a way out. These are not the creators, they are the appreciators. They find in "The New Poetry" the freedom they have longed for. They find that beauty is not chained upon the other side of the Atlantic, that it is here at their own doors. That the Singer Building is an achievement to be proud of and one need not sigh because we are not evolving Parthenons; that the Yankee farmer is as interesting as the Wessex yokel; and that sun, and rain, and cloud are as lyric here as over the orchards of Normandy.

It is a great deal to have discovered that. And the New Poetry, the New Painting, the New Music are making such discoveries every day. The artists of the older countries have always written about the things among which they lived, in the way that best suited them. Our artists are only just beginning to dare to be themselves. And the New Poetry is blazing a trail toward nationality far more subtle and intense than any settlement houses and waving of the American flag in schools can ever achieve. I might say with perfect truth that the most national things we have are skyscrapers, ice water, and the New Poetry, and each of these means more than appears on the surface.

**B**UT to be saturated with the spirit of nationality does not mean that a poet writes only upon national themes. In that case Milton would not be English because the scene of "Paradise Lost" is not England, and Dante would not be Italian because Heaven and Hell are not provinces of Italy. The spirit of a country is a very subtle thing. It is of the essence of a man's being, and betrays itself in a thousand ways. But so little is this understood that people are constantly criticizing the nationality of literature from the standpoint of subject. There is a constant cry for the great American



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novel, the great American poem, the great American play. And yet, if it came, and chose to deal with Fifteenth Century Italy, it would probably go unrecognized for at least a quarter of a century.

When critics have learned to distinguish the real, abiding qualities which make the American character and differentiate it from all other characters whatsoever, then we shall be nearer an understanding of the movement which is now in its infancy.

Let us examine a few of these characteristics and see how exactly they are expressed in the New Poetry.

The American is a highly nervous race, quick, impatient, energetic. Do we not find all these qualities in a marked degree in the New Poetry? It is bright with color, as befits a people living under so sunny a sky as ours. But this is a dry climate, our skies are a bit sharp and hard, so our poetry has not the languorous charm of those other sunny countries: Italy and the East. We are a sober and a temperate people, a people of ideals and reticencies, therefore we find here very little of the voluptuousness which is so marked a trait of the poetry of all Latin peoples. That we are losing some of these reticencies as we gain in power of expression is, of course, true. But even so, voluptuousness is hardly a quality of American poetry.

The American race is a profoundly unsentimental one. Hard-headed, money-making, our enemies call us. But there is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Of sentiment, strong, almost stern, the New Poetry has an abundance, but the sentimentality of Longfellow's "Children's Hour" is gone. The modern American does not express himself in that way because he does not feel in that way.

**A** GAIN, we are not a race prone to religious hysteria; we shall search in vain through the pages of the New Poets for devotional poetry as such. We are materialists in a strange, joyful way—loving the things we can see, and hear, and taste, and touch, and smell. So these verses are full of scenes and objects, of beauties—Nature's, Art's—of preoccupation with the things all about us.

The American is a decidedly clear and logical thinker, hence so many instances of uncompromising realism in his verse. Also, the poet is human, and is ahead of his time, for which reason this "dour" realism is the natural reaction of an active, probing mind from the "Glad Book" tendencies evinced by a large portion of the American public.

The American is as quivering with life as a taut bow, and this lack of repose is one of the reasons why his "forte" is clearly not the sensuous, undulating line of pure melody. We shall seek in vain in the

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New Poetry for the smoothness of the Tennysonian manner. But the American is naturally extremely sensitive to rhythm. He could not have invented (or adopted) the intricate syncopation of ragtime had this not been so. The New Poetry gives us this marked beat and syncopation in the work of several poets, to mention two: Vachel Lindsay and William Rose Benét. But we have this *flair* better exemplified in the more subtle rhythms of the *vers libristes*. Only a poet with a strong sense of rhythm can cope with the difficulties of *vers libre*, simple as it may appear to those who have not studied its laws.

This poem by the American who writes under the pen-name of "H. D." well illustrates this subtle rhythm, but also illustrates some others of our national characteristics, for instance, our vividness and color, our logical thinking, our unsentimental delight in nature.

### PEAR-TREE.

Silver dust is lifted from the earth.

Higher than my arms reach,  
You have mounted, O silver,  
Higher than my arms reach,  
You front us with great mass.

No flower ever opened  
So staunch a white leaf,  
No flower ever parted  
Gold from such gold.

Flake on flake,  
Your white scale has fallen on earth.  
You have dinted petal and leaf.  
The narcissus is dark  
By your rare grains.

Another poem, by Jean Starr Untermeyer, exemplifies admirably the strong, almost stern sentiment I have spoken of. How different this love poem is to those which have filled our magazines for the past twenty years, and how much truer it is to the idea of love which is ours in America today.

### POSSESSION.

Walk into the world,  
Go into the places of trade;  
Go into the smiling country—

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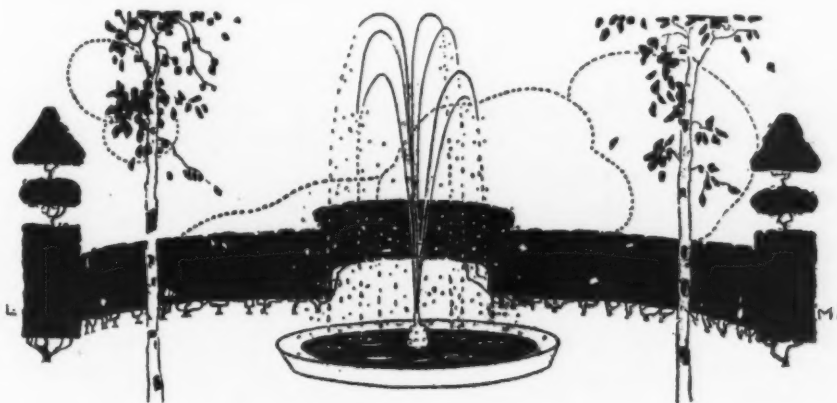
But go, clad, wrapped closely always  
Shielded and sustained—  
In the visible flame of my love.

Let it blaze about you—  
A glowing armor for all to see;  
Flashing around your head—  
A tender and valiant halo.

I think there will be many to wonder  
And many to stand in awe and envy—  
But surely no one will come too close to you,  
No one will dare to claim you,  
Hand or heart,  
As you pass in your shining and terrible garment.

I could multiply these examples through many pages. Suffice it therefore if I have but pointed the way to a better comprehension of that body of work which for the nonce we have christened "The New Poetry."

A number of poems have been selected by Miss Lowell to expound her theory of the new poetry of America. They will be found on pages 364, 383, 396, 405 and 407 of this current issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.



## SUBTLE STUDIES OF HUMAN EMOTIONS SHOWN IN THE SCULPTURE OF CHESTER BEACH



AN appreciation of the beautiful experiences in life is what one feels in a study of the sculpture of Chester Beach; not of any one race or social condition, not of age alone, or youth alone, but a universal, deep-seated vision of the ecstasy that in brief moments touches every human being with brain and soul. Unquestionably Chester Beach is a man whom life reaches along many channels; who does not see art through tradition or life through convention; who is interested in all growth, all extension, and who finds humanity in its development of the richest interest and profoundest inspiration.

One of the first full-sized statues of Mr. Beach's that I ever had the pleasure of seeing was called "Maidenhood." I think I have never seen anything more alluring, more tender, more delicately appealing, than this fragile, lightly sketched figure, the feet touching the earth tenderly, the head bending forward with the eagerness of enthusiasm and hope, the eyes full of dreams, the body perfect in its suggestion of innocence and potential maturity. I cannot recall anything more essentially pure, yet essentially vital than this study of youth.

A suggestion of the same rare quality of pearly whiteness is shown in the profile portrait study we are using to illustrate this article. There is more than mere physical beauty in this study, more than technical excellence in the modeling of the face, in the sweetness lurking at the corners of the mouth, in the intelligent wide brow. In some way incomprehensible to the layman Mr. Beach suffuses his sculpture with a radiance from within. It is as though the beauty of the face was from the beauty of the spirit. We feel something reaching us that is very difficult to believe was added to the marble by the gift of the artist. He does to his studies in sculpture what the composer does to his music, that is, he makes the force seem to come from way back of the sight or sound. It is impossible that one who listens to *Melisande's* first cry in Debussy's music to imagine a man thinking that sound and putting it on paper. It seems to express the very welling up of human emotion—youth, frightened, beautiful. I remember experiencing the same emotion that this cry of *Melisande* has always given me, and which I also feel in the face of Mr. Beach's portrait studies, in a picture of Carriere's. I do not recall the name, but the picture presents the spirit of two children hovering over the bereaved childless mother. It was incredible that the extraordinary exultation in that picture could have flowed down channels of gray or black or yellow or white paint. One's heart beats quicker looking at it and tears answer





"THE STOKER:"  
Chester Beach, Sculptor.



**"GREAT-GRANDMOTHER."**  
Chester Beach, Sculptor.



PORTRAIT of Mrs. A. M.  
Purves: Chester Beach, Sculptor.



**"IDEALS:"** Chester  
Beach, Sculptor.



## THE SCULPTURE OF CHESTER BEACH

the beating of the heart. This same mysterious power to realize the intangible, flows through the fire music of Wagner and out into that wonderful heroic cry of the first great feminists, the Valkyre maidens.

And so one cannot be quite practical, quite the materialist in the face of the intangible, impressive beauty of such a group as Mr. Beach shows us called "Ideals," the man bowed sorrowfully before the unrealized goodness of his spirit.

**B**UT all of Mr. Beach's work is not along this plane, though all is vigorous and impressive. He is willing, too, to give us a bit of propaganda in that fine muscular study "The Stoker." We are not satisfied that so much human life should bend forever to light the fires for us,—though in no way is this figure made melodramatic; there is not a line presented to torture us—just the truth vigorously and honestly presented, and incidentally presented in the form of very beautiful sculpture.

One turns with pleasant contentment to the bust of the "Great-grandmother." Here Mr. Beach has tested out a delightful theory he has, that interest can be added to sculpture by the use of different colors of marble. For instance, in this particular bust he has used pink, white and gray. The face is the pink of old age, the bands of hair are of white marble, the comfortable little shawl is gray and the cap is pearly white. The effect is not startling, rather this variety increases the natural beauty of the study. At the first glance one is scarcely conscious of what has been done. It is an interesting experiment and surely is a legitimate one; not new to Mr. Beach but new to the present generation of sculpture in America.

One can readily imagine the particular study of marble in which one would resent any conscious effort to bring about an effect beyond the use of the chisel. I am sure this would be true in the study called "Maidenhood," or in the lovely portrait we are showing, even in the group "Ideals"; but in many cases the combination of marbles—rose, white, gray, pink, deep ivory or even black, which the Greeks found most interesting—should surely add to the scope and variety of the beauty of this art.

The most complete exhibition of Chester Beach's work perhaps ever brought together will be shown through this entire summer in Cincinnati. He has sent twenty-four bronzes, small, and twenty-four life-sized marbles. Among this collection will be found a number of studies of the combination of marble in portrait work, and this will undoubtedly add greatly to the interest already awakened in artistic circles in the West.

## THE ART OF GARDEN-MAKING: ILLUSTRATED BY SCENES FROM ONE OF "VITALE'S GARDENS"



IN the early part of the eighteenth century, Henry Home, Lord Kames, the distinguished Scottish judge and author, said, "Gardening, besides the emotions of beauty by means of regularity, order, proportion, colour and utility, can raise emotions of grandeur, of sweetness, of gaiety, melancholy, wildness and even of surprise or wonder. In gardening as well as in architecture, simplicity ought to be the governing taste. Profuse ornament hath no better effect than to confuse the eye and to prevent the object from making an impression as one entire whole."

Lord Kames' great pleasure and relaxation during many years of service as one of the lords of judiciary was pottering about among the flowers. Books on gardening alternated with ponderous publications on law. Poetical expressions graced his law treatises and strict principles of art strengthened his garden talks. Art and law, grace and strength, he believed should be inseparable companions. He was among the first to emphasize the importance of order in landscape architecture, as may be seen in his book, "The Gentleman Farmer, Being an Attempt to Improve Agriculture by Subjecting It to the Test of Rational Principles." The aim of the modern as well as the most ancient of gardeners is the same—to uplift the mind by beauty, to provide a retreat for contemplation, a quiet spot that will restore peace to minds distressed by care.

Fair gardens are not created by sweet thoughts, but by digging in dirt as has often been said. Gardens do not drift into objectivity like a vision in a man's mind; but are built little by little upon strict laws. The underlying laws may not be visible amidst the finished tangles of vines and flowers, but, nevertheless, they are there like a framework supporting the whole structure, holding it all together as one concrete thought. A poem seemingly flowing as spontaneously as any brook, a song of joy apparently welling from the heart like the spring call of a bird, the improvisation of a musician, have all been built upon mathematical fixed laws. Garden laws are generally hidden from sight by soft veils of leaves, but without their definite support confusion and disorderliness would reign instead of beauty. Shenstone charmingly declares that "art should never be allowed to set foot in the province of nature otherwise than clandestinely and by night." The art of garden making, like that of music, sculpture, architecture, need never be apparent, never intrusive, but it must be there sustaining and supporting.

Writers have essayed the formulation into words of garden laws,

## GARDEN MAKING IN AMERICA

unquestionable as the ten commandments, but they are not thus to be trapped. They are no more to be defined by arbitrary words than good taste. We can approach the rules of garden making by free suggestions, but the details must always be filled in, must be worked out by individual garden makers. For instance, we may say "do not break up the lawn by small flower beds, but keep the flowers around the edge as though they were the fringe of a pool," or "build the garden in the round, as if it were a piece of sculpture, to be looked at from all angles"; "avoid straight lines," "arrange for vistas," "every garden should have a fountain or a little pool," and so on. We cannot say "If a plot of ground be such a size then walks and beds should be thus and so." Service quarters must be concealed, we all know, but devices for doing so, such as a lattice, a wall, a rose hedge or group of evergreens, must be chosen according to the desire of the owner and the possibilities of the locality. The problem may be worked out in as many ways as there are people, and thus a charming play of individuality is obtained. We might say gardens should be convenient to the house, but whether at one side, in front or the rear is not to be ordered by command of anyone. Seats where one may rest while enjoying the beauty of the flowers are a part of the garden's need, but the exact placing of them, whether in a bower, at the end of a walk, in sun or shade, is not a matter of rule.

**W**E are showing a garden built by a landscape architect according to law, yet without rule. All the garden requirements have been obtained—pools of still water, rose arbors, velvet lawns, pleasant paths, seats in charming places, masses of flowers, picturesque groups of trees, walks, fountains, terraces, privacy, quietness, fragrance; yet it has been done in a distinctly individual way. It is the same though different from all other gardens, as one man is the same though different from all other men. It was designed by Ferruccio Vitale for Dudley Olcott, Esq., Morristown, New Jersey. And so great is the success and so attractive its beauty that we describe it somewhat in detail for the pleasure and the benefit of other garden makers.

Complete privacy was striven for, and attained, in this garden. A high brick wall bounds it on two sides, a pergola on the third and the house terrace on the fourth. The planting outside the garden was so arranged as to frame the house, to finish the picture of the tea-house and pergola from the house windows, and to obtain seclusion for the garden itself. It has somewhat the nature of a sunken garden in as much as it is slightly below the house. Entrance is from the terrace so it is in immediate relation to the house. From

## GARDEN MAKING IN AMERICA

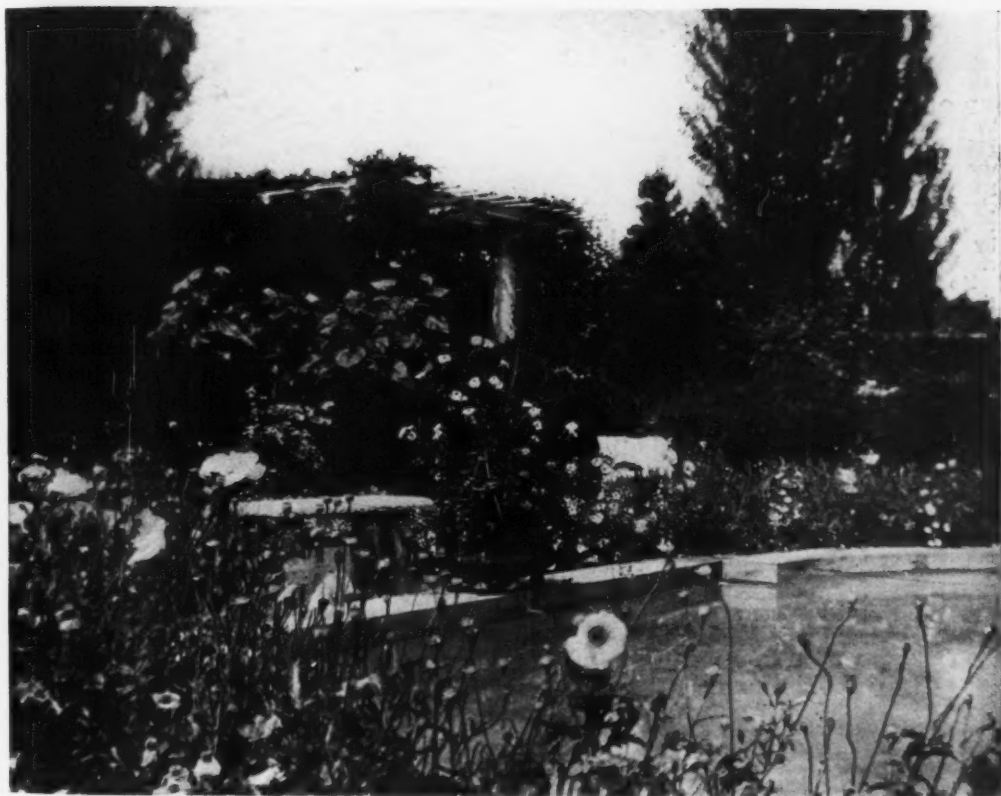
the east entrance a walk has been arranged which winds around the entire estate, curves through groves and over fields in a carefully prepared plan and returns again to the garden gate from which it started. On the west side is a beautiful gate through which one may go to the greenhouse by a pathway leading through a rose garden. From the tea-house, which is the central portion of the pergola, one may walk to the maze.

This garden was designed on two levels. All the walks in the upper level are fringed with a rich border of annuals and perennials and lead to the ends of the pergola. A pool fifty feet long with a width of twenty-five feet is a feature of the lower level. The pool is kept free from aquatics, the idea being to have a wide stretch of blue water rimmed with flowers, serving the same purpose in garden design as a lawn bordered with flowers. Without a wide stretch of lawn or flat surface of a pool a garden would be confused, would lack breadth. It would seem petty rather than large. Around this pool is a pleasant walk which conducts through a rose garden to a tea-house. Lady Gays and rambler roses bower this beautiful garden retreat. Roses of many varieties fill the beds on either side, banking it with color and fragrance. With a large rose garden in front, this delightful outdoor room is like the seat of honor in an audience room in which the radiant beauties of the rose queen's court gather as though for some great fête of flowers. Originally the beds on either side of the summer house held nothing but roses; but the gardener's joy of summer color could not be restrained, so each year he slips in a gay host of annuals who see to it that not a day of the whole garden solstice dawns without a welcome from fresh upturned flower faces. They fill in all the bare places with modest, unassuming brightness, never intruding upon the sacred rights of the roses to first place in attention. When the rose reigns they keep well in the background; when she withdraws, then they step forward with dancing feet.

Evergreens have been used liberally, so that a design might be maintained through the winter months. In the winter season their faithful green saves the place from entire desolation. In the summer their low, rich note of garden green is needed. It is as though they were the violoncellos and bass viols of an orchestra.

An abundant use has been made, also, of plants and shrubs in green tubs and terra cotta jars. Beside their great decorative advantage in the garden when placed in rows, along a path, at the head of a flight of steps or upon the posts of the gate or wall, they can be brought into the house during the winter to keep the garden spirit in remembrance or taken into the greenhouses to make them more attractive.

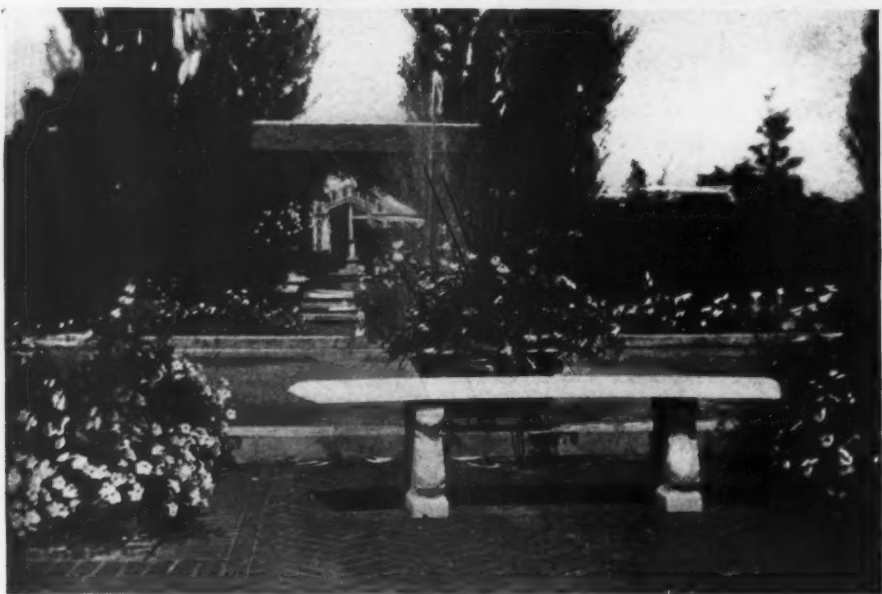
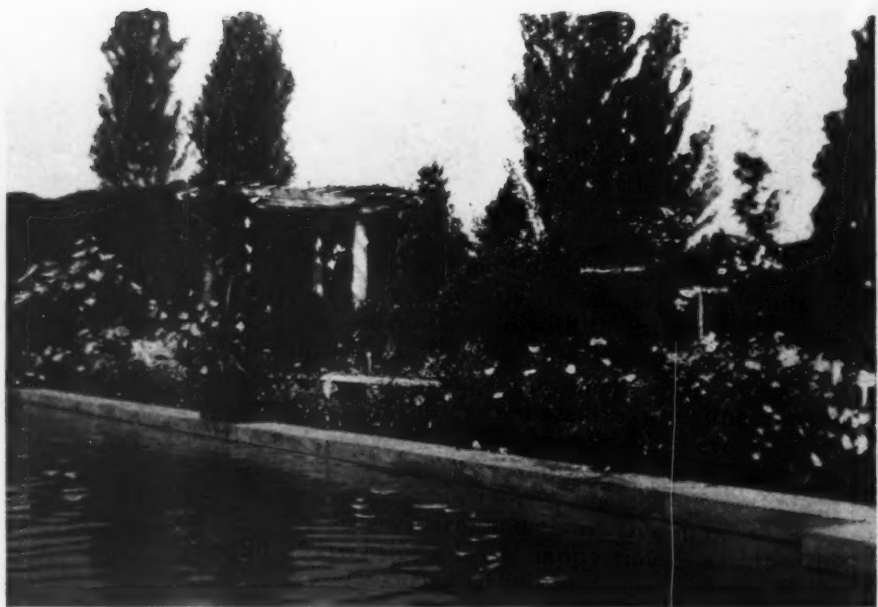




POPPI BORDERED POOL, one of the delightful features of the garden of Dudley Olcott, Esq., Morristown, New Jersey: It is through the skill of Ferruccio Vitale that this luxurious growth has been attained in but five years:  
By transplanted poplars and pines, by the use of plants in tubs and a profusion of annuals, the slow process of time has apparently been overcome.

**POOL  
WHICH  
MIRRORS**  
the sky in a  
garden de-  
signed on  
two levels  
by Ferruc-  
cio Vitale:

No aqua-  
tics break  
the wide  
blue surface  
of this pool,  
but it is  
thickly  
fringed  
with flow-  
ers that  
jewel its  
borders in  
flashing  
color.



**ALL THE  
PATHS** of  
this garden  
are of brick  
and are  
bordered  
with annu-  
als:

This mar-  
ble seat  
gives view  
of playing  
fountain  
and garden  
gate.



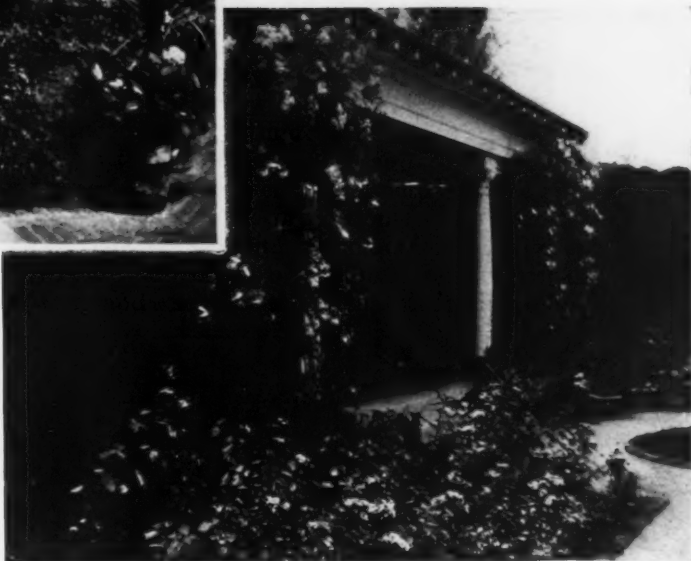
**COMPLETE PRIVACY WAS OBTAINED IN THIS GARDEN** by transplanted trees and high walls: Evergreens were profusely used so that a design might be maintained in the winter months:

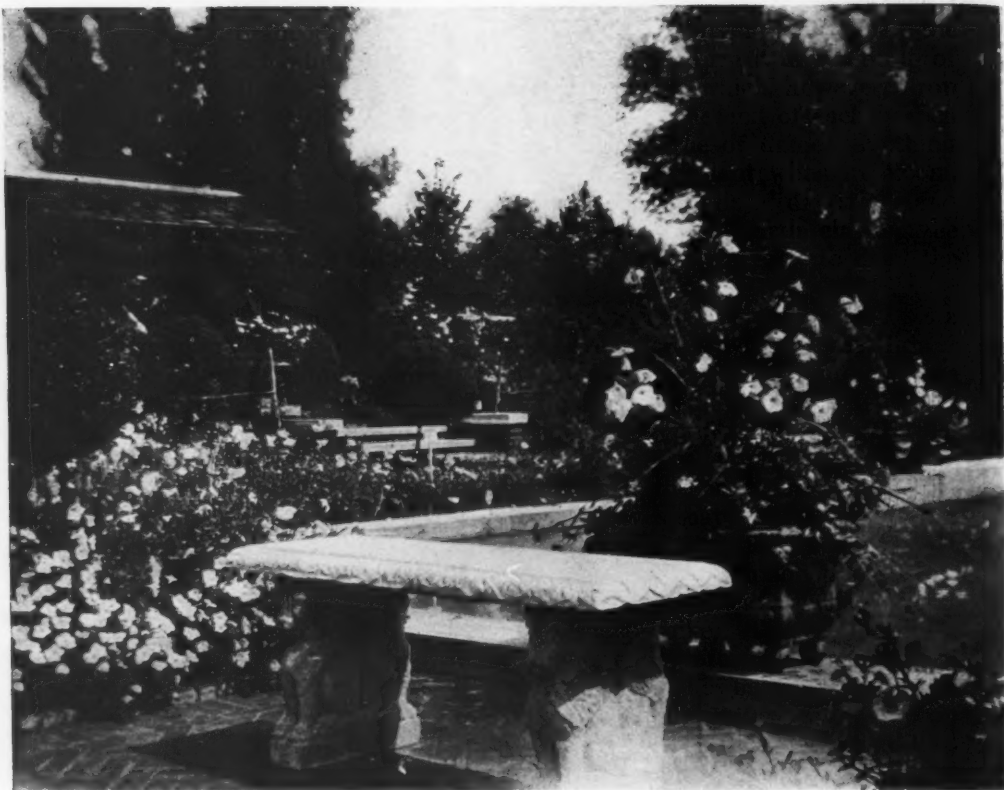
Abundant use was made of plants and shrubs in garden tubs and terra cotta jars:

Though the architecture of this garden is strictly formal the planting is informal: Flowers are allowed full freedom of growth: Wherever perennials are slow in creating flower color the annuals have been depended upon to cover the ground.

**LADY GAY AND RAMBLER ROSES** bower this garden retreat, while many varieties bank it on either side:

In front is a large rose garden, so it is completely under the reign of the garden queen.





PETUNIAS HAVE BEEN USED IN MASSES to bring about gaiety of color while the perennials are growing: The west garden gate guarded by tall poplars, is seen at the left upon the upper level: The pool in this picture is a feature of the lower level.

## GARDEN MAKING IN AMERICA

**W**HEN Mr. Vitale took over the ninety by one hundred and forty foot plot of ground it was bare of any plant beauty save that of a very few old cherry trees and an uneven tangle of wild grass. The five or six ancient trees, you may be sure, were most carefully preserved. No young tree has the picturesque individuality of an old time-modeled tree. All the trees seen in the accompanying photographs have been lifted bodily in the full prime of their growth and transplanted to a position assigned to them in Mr. Vitale's carefully considered plan. As said before, these trees were planted to form a frame for house and garden and to secure privacy. They were also planted to create a beautiful sky line and to make effective groups. Nature's plan was followed in all tree groupings, that is, with tall, trim trees like poplars were associated rounding shrubs and trees of irregular terminations. In this way great naturalness was attained and also an interesting variety of form, of color and leaf texture.

Though the architecture, the framework of the garden, is strictly formal, the planting is decidedly informal. An unrestrained exuberance of growth is everywhere apparent among the "green growing things." Flowers rush merrily over the tawny walks in foaming masses, venturing into corners, climbing up walls and over shrubs as an incoming tide sweeps along a sandy beach, rushes up bays and coves in foamy billows, and splashes rocky cliffs with iris spray. Poppies fringe the pool with color which shimmers again in the quiet water mirror. The scarlet, rose and pink silken-petaled poppy colors are tossed back and forth from tip of stalk to crest of ripple like balls flung to and fro by merry dancers. After the flower play is over, the seed heads stand decorative as a lotus pod above the foam of white, pink and lavender petunias.

How much more beautiful such an informal growth than any clipped and flawless orderliness. In the whole garden there was no fixed color scheme. Yet care was taken not to let plants whose colors clash be planted in immediate relation. The aim was mainly to keep a continual bloom from early spring to late fall of all the flower favorites in all the loved colors. This is always easily managed in any garden by a little forethought, and the full scale of flower color be enjoyed.

It is hard to believe when looking at this beautiful garden or at the pictures taken from it that its luxuriance is the result of but five years' effort. Such noble tree effects could never have been attained in five years' time had it not been for the great skill of the modern tree movers. These men transplant, with scarce a failure, trees thirty to forty feet in height, with a spread of twenty feet and more, from



## BROADWAY'S CANYON

one end of the country to another if necessary. They take tall trees from the depths of the forest and set them as sentinels at the doorway of a new home. Thus time, a slow worker, is overthrown or outwitted by science. The mellow appearance of age through the will of the tree removers is attained overnight, as if by magic, without the wearisome wait of years. The impetuous annuals help greatly in hiding the scars made by the builders in erecting a new house, for they rush over the garden as soon as the Gates of Spring are opened by the gentle South Wind, covering every bare space prepared for them by the gardeners with miraculous swiftness.

## BROADWAY'S CANYON



HIS is like the nave of an unfinished cathedral  
With steep shadowy sides.  
Light and shade alternate,  
Repeat and die away.  
Golden traceries of sunlight,  
Blue buttresses of shadow,  
Answer like pier and column,

All the way down to the sea.

But the temple is still roofless:  
Only the sky above it  
Closes it round, encircling  
With its weightless vault of blue.  
There is no image or inscription or altar,  
And the clamour of free moving multitudes  
Are its tireless organ tones,  
While the hammers beat its chimes.

Blue gray smoke swings heavily,  
Fuming from leaden censers,  
Upwards about the street.  
Lamps glimmer with crimson points of flame:  
The black canyon  
Bares its gaunt, stripped sides.  
Heavily, oppressively, the skies roll on above it,  
Like curses yet unfulfilled.  
The wind shrieks and crashes,  
The burly trucks rumble,  
Ponderous as funeral-cars, undraped, and unstrewn with flowers.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.



## THE AMERICAN GIRL'S EDUCATION NOT HUMAN ENOUGH: MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT SUGGESTS A REMEDY

"How much happier humanity would be if work, instead of being a means of existence, were its end. But in order that this marvelous change may come about, all mankind must follow the example of the artist, or better yet, become artists themselves; for the word 'artist' in its widest acceptance means to me the man who takes pleasure in what he does. So it would be desirable that there be artists in all trades: artist carpenters, happy in skillfully raising beam and cornice; artist masons, spreading the plaster with pleasure; artist carters, proud of caring for their horses and of not running over those in the streets. Artists set an example to the rest of the world which might be marvelously fruitful."—Rodin.



MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT agrees with Rodin that work must be the foundation of every kind of education whether for the rich young girl or the poor young girl; that it is impossible to have any real understanding of life and to accomplish what is expected of women in the home without a knowledge of and an ability to work. And by work she means the fullest knowledge and most proficiency in home-making.

"And you should *like* work," Madame Guilbert said recently to a group of young girls who crowded around her at a reception given in her honor. "It is not enough that you work, that you know how to cook and sew and make your own charming garden—you must *like* to do it, and the way is clear to make you enjoy it. All daily, useful, happy occupations should be amusing. I like that my own life is always amusing and no one knows more about work than I do. But work is never dull; it cannot be dull if you understand its importance. I shall always work, all my life. If some day I may no longer sing, then I shall knit or sew or work in my garden; and I shall knit and sew and work with great delight and I shall find these occupations always happy ones, full of amusement."

Here Madame Guilbert for a moment stopped her beautiful, fluent, smiling conversation and looked with affection and amusement in her eyes at the young girls; then she said to them, "Can you sew?" "No, Madame." "Can you cook?" "No, Madame." "Ah, but you know all about gardening. You can make roses grow, you can train beautiful fruit against gray walls; perhaps you could plant wheat if it were needed for your family or your country?" "No, Madame."

"You cannot do any of these things? Then how would you make your homes? How would you make your garden? How will you train your children?" There was no answer; just a look of dismay on the faces of five beautiful young girls who could dance, which Madame thought charming; who could skate—"Yes, that's good"; but no embroidery, none whatever, not even for your trousseau or marriage chest?

## AN EDUCATION FOR HAPPINESS

"YOU sometimes work among the poor children and help them to understand life, to appreciate their family?" No, the young girls had never heard of this. "But this is a charming thing to do," said Madame Guilbert. "In Paris, before the war, I had a little school where on Sundays and Thursday afternoons poor children came to me. It helped their mothers and it gave me pleasure. And how do you think I taught them? Always were they sitting at little desks that are straight and stiff, always were they reading books, learning to spell or read or add? No, I wanted them to have an education of humanity. That is what I believe in—the philosophy of humanity. I wanted them to be happy, to find life amusing, to help their mothers and sisters, to learn kind, gentle manners, to like to work and to enjoy the world.

"When they came to see me each day they would shake my hand, and each little boy would kiss the hands of the little girls who came to school and would, for instance, say charmingly, 'How do you do, Marie?' And then I say to them, 'Of course you will do the same as this at home with your mother?' If they are tired of their studies, we sit down and talk about life. Really, my young friends, *about life* with these babies. Perhaps I take the hands of one little boy in my own as he sits at my knee, and I say to him, 'What does your father do?' 'My father is a watchmaker.' 'And how does your mother manage with her work? Has she a servant?' 'No, she has no servant.' 'But I am sure she is a charming woman and she must work very hard for you without a servant, and now I ask a beautiful promise of you, that you will always help your mother. You must help in every way in the *ménage*. You must care about her work and you must speak to her with tenderness, and then you will speak gently to your sister and to your friends.' And the little boy always looked up into my eyes with interest, with understanding. I am sure that my education of humanity is important to him. Perhaps you will think that these little children are glad when their vacation comes, but it is not so. They are sorry to go away from me. And why is that? Because they have learned to work and they have learned to think, they have understood that there is responsibility in life, that already it is theirs, and yet that life is amusing, for we play and talk and laugh and sing. And I, too, am sorry when they go, for the teacher must always learn more than the pupil.

"Once a great French artist said to me, 'It is not your technique in your art that matters most; it is your character. It is because you see life as you do, because you care for the great humanities of life, love the world, love work and happiness that you can make people see through your songs French life, French art, French humanity.'



*From a Photograph  
by Alice Boughton*

**YVETTE GUILBERT**  
as Madame du Barry.



*From a Photograph  
by Alice Boughton*

**"THE SEWING SONG":**  
Yvette Guilbert singing a  
French folk song of sage advice.



*From a Photograph  
by Alice Boughton*

**"DANS LE JOLI MOIS DE  
MAI": Yvette Guilbert singing and  
acting an old Brittany legend.**





*From a Photograph  
by Alice Boughton*

YVETTE GUILBERT in private  
life, from her latest photograph.

## AN EDUCATION FOR HAPPINESS

"I AM sure that it is a fundamental fault in education that does not take into consideration most vitally the character, and character can only be developed through work and happiness. I find a mistake in America in education—you separate work from play. Some girls must do all the work, some all the play. This is not logical. Every girl should know how to do all the things that make a home charming and she should find happiness and amusement in doing them. She should be trained to create about her *les petits luxes de la vie*—dancing, sewing, declamation, knitting, dress-making, to make a lamp shade if she chooses, her own hat, her own dress, her children's clothes, nursing, that her baby may always be in health, interior decorating that her house may be elegant, singing that she may be gay, the other arts as she may incline to them, cooking that comfort may come to her family; and through all these things she will be bound to gain a knowledge of life, of humanity; and if she is taught aright she will one day enjoy the creation of her own home, and if she is happy she will be amused. And so you see what a perfect circle my theory makes—through work to amusement and by way of amusement back to work.

"My life has been led just along these lines. I believe I have had everything in it—happiness, sorrow, success, love, fortune, a capacity for work, a capacity for amusement, and out of it all I have learned that to be happy one must solve the problems of love, health and labor. All education should revolve around these three great problems as the pivot; for the sum total of feminine effort should be the completely realized home. A woman without humanity cannot create a home, and a woman with it can solve all the other problems of life as they are presented to her."

Turning once more to the group of young women, Madame Guilbert said, with that expression of exquisite kindness and gentle humor, "I do not complain that you are pretty here in America or that you play a great deal, that you care for pretty clothes. All of these things belong to youth, all should exist; they help to make life amusing, but they are just one side of one interest in life, and if you center your attention upon them life is terribly incomplete. Now, what we want for every one of us in the world is a beautifully rounded out existence. We want to know all things, experience all emotions, suffer and rejoice; we want a gay youth, an intelligent, cheerful middle age and satisfied old age that comes with realized achievement. You all want this whether you are rich or poor; the rich girl should not be denied her opportunity to lead a full life. But these important studies should not be made tiresome. If you do not know the musical scale, begin to sing and to dance and you will find the need of knowing

## AN EDUCATION FOR HAPPINESS

it right away and you will want to learn it. It is so with so many parts of education.

"I cannot tell you that responsibility is important because you smile and agree with me without knowing what I mean; but if you are making a garden or making your own clothes or helping your mother or preparing for your home life, you will know that you must make good in every one of these conditions and that means taking responsibility.

"**I**N my country a mother desires to live with her children, to harmonize life for them; she wants their natures to unfold, she wants them to understand all that life holds for them, as well as she can teach them. French mothers are very intimate with their children. There is no interruption between the mother's life and the children's, one flows into the other. It seems to me that life can only make progress where there is a clear understanding of its joys and its responsibilities and this must make for greater art in any country because art is great as humanity flows through it. I feel that in my own work I am not singing songs just to display a trained technique, to show the public what the voice can do. I am singing old songs and new songs, songs of the Middle Ages, songs of the Latin Quarter, of love and life and war and glory and death because I want to express through these songs all the tremendous and terrible emotions of life; I want to bring to my audience an understanding of France, of the Court of Versailles, the Norman peasant girl, the grisette of Montmartre. It is the *Comedie Humaine* that we should all present through our art, and for this it is necessary to live, to the fullest degree to experience life. It is necessary to have more than prettiness, more than pleasantness, more than charm, more than comfort, it is necessary to go down into the depths of life and up to the mountain peaks.

"This is what our poets do, our sculptors, our painters—if they are great artists. It is not enough for the painter to give us a color scheme, for the poet to trill a light rondeau.

"My own part in contributing to the art of the world, more and more I feel to be that of the ancient troubadour or minstrel who wandered from one land to another instilling into all nations the love and respect for its own by celebrating in songs its manifold beauties. It is in the songs of France that the entire national history is to be found, the history of her soil, her heroism, her brain, her heart—the apotheosis, in short, of a race that exhibits the reserve of serious and courteous strength which can crown life with roses or bow to death with grace."

And this is literally what Madame Guilbert does in her songs.

## AN EDUCATION FOR HAPPINESS

She is not merely the accomplished artist with delicate, fine technique and great interest in her art; she is the spirit of her nation made incarnate. She is France—joyous, humorous, tragic, kind, strong, gay, without self-consciousness, easily exalted, readily sympathetic. Whether Madame Guilbert is singing from the platform with hands extended in welcoming gesture, whether she is talking seriously to a group of artists, whether she is chatting intimately with young girls, she is always the humanitarian, the philosopher as well as the great artist; always seeking to awaken a profounder realization of life, a fresher interest in its joy and richness. She meets life with shining eyes, with merry words, with the tenderest heart.

**I**N a recent interview Madame Guilbert was asked to speak to **THE CRAFTSMAN** of her project for starting a school in America, a school for bringing about an understanding of how to create a charming home life, of preparing young American girls to create this life by instructing them in the humanities of social existence.

"I should train 'my children' " she said, "so that each one must become a benefit to her neighbors. I should help them to want great home beauty, to want to bring into their homes joy and culture and loveliness. I should want them to sing in this school, and dance, to declaim, to sew, to meet their friends, I should prepare them for the fullest realization of what home life can be, I should want children and young girls and young women, all people who are interested in the work of home making and the full amusement of it. And young men, they may come too, because they must contribute to home life. I think I should like special evenings for young men to come and talk to me, though I should really talk *to them*. And then the young married women would come on other evenings and I would talk of the wonderful opportunities life holds for them. It would all be, I think, just a school for home making, for happiness; but through this school all things that are beautiful and kind and wholesome would be found, and we should all be immensely gay because work is not possible without happiness.

"I wonder if you will want me to make such a school here, if your young people really want more than just their beauty and their gaiety and their immediate cheerfulness and prosperity; will they let me help them to look ahead and to create gracious and beautiful environment for themselves? It cannot be given to them. The richest father, the most devoted mother cannot give the 'real future home' to their daughters; it must be born in the spirit of the young people themselves. And the greatness of your nation must depend upon the kind of home each young American woman creates for herself.



## NEW HOPI ARCHITECTURE ON THE OLD MESA LAND: FROM NOTES BY ETHEL ROSE

*"Far in the West, far below, there a house was made;  
Delightful house."*



**I**N the far-away days of the old" the Navaho Indians made and dedicated their desert home with a neighborly friendliness and with a picturesque ceremony which we of this unpoetical generation would do well to follow, in spirit at least. From our standpoint the Indian home could not be called beautiful, for it was a rude affair made without the slightest architectural attempt at symmetry or effective ornamentation; but to the Indian it was beautiful because it had been made in conformance to his religion, myths and the established custom of his people.

In shape it was like the first homes built by the gods when they lived on earth; the chief timbers, five in number, were full of strength, the floors smooth, the bark covering over which the earth was piled was good and strong. There was an unobstructed view to the East, so the beneficial influence of the god of sunrise was assured; there was fresh water close by and no red ant hills near; friends had helped in the building of it. For these reasons it was beautiful. After the man's work upon the house was finished, the wife made the floors smooth with a grass broom, she and her husband together lighted a fire, then he sprinkled meal that she had ground, about the house, chanting this wonderful salutation to the home:

"May it be delightful, my house;  
From my head may it be delightful;  
To my feet may it be delightful;  
Where I lie may it be delightful;  
All above me may it be delightful;  
All around me may it be delightful."

The Hopi houses were made with as touching an allegiance to myths and customs, but with far more architectural success, at least as we regard such things, than those of the Navahos; for the Hopi houses were built of the earth into such perfect imitations of the strange square forms of the surrounding buttes that it was almost impossible for even the keen eye of an Indian to tell houses from turreted hills. The Hopis, through the same instinct of protective security that mottles the breast of the thrush, that streaks the tawny tiger





*Mead and Requa, Architects.*

**HOUSE AT LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA**, built along the lines of the old Hopi structures that once stood upon the painted deserts of Arizona:

The old Hopi builders, by modeling their houses after the square forms of the surrounding buttes, achieved one of the most perfect examples of architectural fitness known to the world.



HOPI HOUSE in shades of tan stucco to match the sand, built for Wheeler Bailey, Esq., with the assistance of Hopi Indians:

The steps of this great lodge lead up to the observation roof: A ladder of unequal uprights leans against the walls as in the old Hopi houses and an olla hangs at the door.



**FIREPLACE IN THIS MODERN HOPI HOUSE**, showing use of Indian design: Indian baskets adorn the mantel and inverted Hopi bowls of dull red clay form the electric light shades.



THE DOORWAY OF THIS MODERN HOPI HOUSE is painted blue to bring it into harmony with the surrounding Pacific waters: Cactus and sagebrush growing abundantly on the bluffs increase its likeness to the Indian structures that once stood upon the Arizona deserts.

## NEW HOPI ARCHITECTURE

with stripes like the shadows of jungle reeds, have achieved one of the most perfect examples of architectural fitness known to the world.

OUT on the Pacific Coast is a man who has long been interested in Indians, in the romantic history of California and in modern architecture. He has recently built a house on the opal bluffs of La Jolla fashioned after the Hopi ruins that still hang upon the painted cliffs of the Arizona desert. He has designed and built this house to honor and to perpetuate some of the fine Hopi traditions, for the Indians of today are influenced by modern methods to such an extent that the old-time house is no longer seen in the land. Of course, since this house on the La Jolla bluffs is to be lived in and enjoyed by modern people with up-to-date ideas of physical comfort and luxuries it is not altogether like its historic ancestors, yet it has so many points in common and has been built so cleverly and with so fine a sense of harmony that it deserves to be brought to the attention of every one interested in architecture, in our Indian history and in original and fearless expression of personal taste.

The house is the joint result of Mr. Wheeler Bailey's and his architects, Messrs. Mead and Requa's enthusiasm and labor, with the able assistance of Hopi Indians whose suggestions and craftsmanship were of the greatest importance. These Hopis (by the way, the name means good or peaceful people) have not lost their cunning, entered with zest into the making of a "great lodge" on the bright cliffs by the turquoise blue sea. Green cactus, orange poppies, yellow mustard, purple beach asters, sage brush and chapparal are all growing there as should be, with wrens resting among the cactus and hawks wheeling far above.

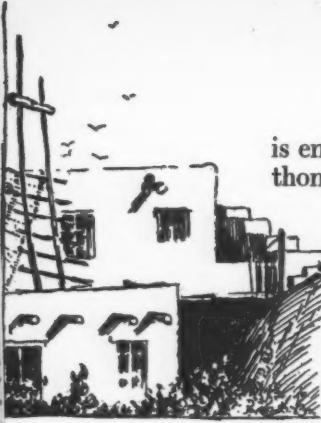
This house is built of stucco in the shades of tan that exactly match the sand, so that it carries out the scheme of protective coloring sought for by the Hopi builders and that cannot be improved upon for artistic effect by any modern scheme of decoration. A distinctly original note, however, is introduced here by painting the doors and window casings a deep vivid blue. This was to give the house relation to the blue of the ocean, and no doubt the first Hopi houses, had they been built on the bluffs of a southern California coast, might have shown some such endeavor to harmonize them with the blue of the water, in the blankets hung at the door or the great water jar standing beside it.

Modern ingenuity is apparent in the huge beams projecting so conspicuously through the outer walls and which form the exposed beams of the inner rooms. They are in reality discarded telegraph poles, hand hewn into house requirements. A diminutive courtyard





## NEW HOPI ARCHITECTURE



is entered through a crude wooden gate bound together with rawhide thongs with the hair left on. For romantic interest and picturesque effect, strings of dried Chili peppers and speckled corn hang beside the courtyard door and a great olla or water jar swings, as in days of yore, conveniently near at hand.

**I**N the days of the old" the Indians entered their houses by way of ladders which for safety's sake they pulled up after them, much as in Mediæval days the drawbridge over the moat was raised out of the enemy's reach after the owners had crossed to the security of their castle. The Hopi ladders were irregularly made, with one of the upper ends much taller than the other. Whether this was because the two slender saplings chosen to hold the rungs were just naturally of different heights and they did not see any reason for taking the trouble to make them of even lengths or whether they preferred them that way for some unknown reason is not clear, but certainly the result was extremely effective. Those ladders with unequal uprights outlined against the sky were certainly most strikingly decorative. Naturally Mr. Bailey must have so distinctive a Hopi feature to give color and atmosphere. As a matter of fact, this ladder is not an absolute necessity, for the majority of guests prefer to reach the roof, where they assemble for the full enjoyment of the sunset play of colors, by way of the steps along the wall—those wide, safe steps that go up on one side and down the wall on the other, as may be seen by a glance at the accompanying photographs. These steps are quite an ornamental as well as useful part of this house. In the center of the roof is a great square chimney that even on the windiest of days offers a leeward side to the guest who wishes to watch the gulls skimming over the blue sea or to look off over the beautiful flower colored hills.

Another interesting feature of the outside of this house is the narrow irregular flight of stairs and stepping-stone path cut in between the cactus, creepers and shrubs, disturbing them as little as possible and keeping to the uneven, impromptu appearance that comes from taking advantage of existing unevenness of ground. The Indians would naturally, in ascending the cliffs to their house, leave as inconspicuous a trail as possible against the cliff, a trail concealed here and there by a stone, a clump of opuntias or a venturesome shrub.

The sea-blue door opens into a little hall with a dressing room on one side. Winding stairs lead from this hall down to the bedrooms. As may be seen, this house is almost entered from the roof because it is built upon a very steep bluff and the approach is more practical

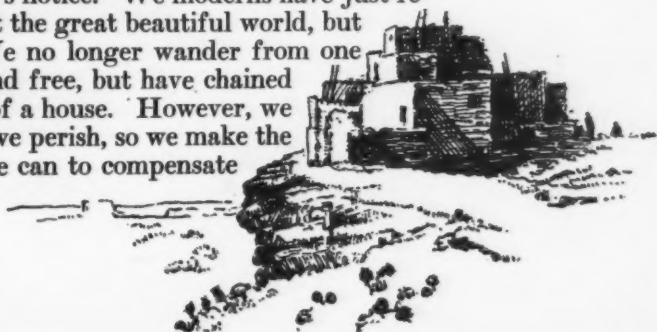
## NEW HOPI ARCHITECTURE

from the upper side. From the end of this hall two steps lead down to the large living room which crosses the entire sea front of the house. When all the glass doors are opened the wide terrace seems an actual part of the room. On pleasant days the room is a delight, on stormy days the glass doors shield from wind and dampness, but permit a full view of the beauty of the outside world.

**T**HE interior finish is of plaster in the same soft, lovely, warm shaded tans as the outside. Indian rugs, of wonderful blue ground, with symbolic designs worked out in black, cover the floor. Facing the terrace is the fireplace shown in one of the photographs. The decoration of it is adapted from a Hopi pattern. Indian bowls and baskets are on the mantel. The shades of the electric lights are inverted Hopi bowls of dull red clay. The red bands of the patterns upon these bowls have been copied upon the blue window curtains. The dining table and chairs have been carried out as much as possible along these same lines, to emphasize Hopi decoration. The few ornaments are of genuine Indian workmanship, fine examples of basket, or rug weaving and pottery making.

From one side of the living room a door opens into the most un-Hopilike kitchen imaginable, fitted with a gas range. A little scrubbing board is set in the side of the laundry tub, all fittings are white; and off this droll little kitchen with its growing parsley plants is a tiny room with a folding bunk and corner cupboard—the sanctum of the Chinese cook. There are two fine bedrooms on the lower floor, each with big closets and specially built redwood furniture. There is also a large bathroom between the two. Here also is a terrace, one end of which is screened off to form what is almost regarded as a California necessity—a sleeping porch.

The old Navaho Indian felt that the roof of his home was the blue sky, the earth carpeted with flowers was the floor of his home, the trees, hills, streams were the ornaments of it. His home was a beautiful place and he loved it. What we call his home was to his mind but a place he stored a few things in, a place where he sought shelter occasionally for but a brief time. This shelter that we call a hut he was not especially attached to, for though he made it with fitting ceremony he was ready to leave it at a moment's notice. We moderns have just reversed this idea. Our home is not the great beautiful world, but a small house that we build. We no longer wander from one valley room to another, happy and free, but have chained ourselves to the narrow confines of a house. However, we must have beauty in our life else we perish, so we make the house called home as lovely as we can to compensate



## NEW HOPI ARCHITECTURE

for the great, wide mansion of the world we have renounced. We prefer porcelain baths to clear brooks, painted frescos to living trees for the decoration of our rooms. We have exchanged pine needles for soft mattresses and are afraid of the winds that once brought us health and strength. Still we have found no substitute for beauty. We cannot live without its inspiration, so have learned to surround ourselves with it of another sort. The Indian sings:

"In the house of long life, there I wander.  
In the house of happiness, there I wander.  
Beauty before me, with it I wander.  
Beauty behind me, with it I wander.  
Beauty below me, with it I wander.

"Beauty above me, with it I wander.  
Beauty all around me, with it I wander.  
In old age traveling, with it I wander.  
On the beautiful trail I am, with it I wander."

We also sing that same song, though with different words. On the trail of beauty we also wander and of our houses as with our lives we should be able to say with them, "It is finished with beauty." The trail of beauty for the Indian and for ourselves may lead in widely opposite directions, but we follow it with the same eager, springing step. Our eyes see through different glasses, but nevertheless as we walk through the valleys and over the mountains of life we are surrounded, nourished, inspired and comforted by the same spirit of beauty. Love of home and joy in its adorning is inherent in humanity. One looks at an especial corner of the world as his home and calls it beautiful, though to another it may seem but a barren desert; one looks around upon the four walls of his house hung with pictures, made comfortable with soft rugs, chairs and tables and is satisfied, though to another it might seem but a cheerless prison. "In the house of happiness" may we all wander.





## THE VANISHING RED: BY ROBERT FROST



It is said to have been the last Red Man  
In Acton. And the Miller is said to have laughed—  
If you like to call such a sound a laugh.  
But he gave no one else a laughers' license.  
For he turned suddenly grave as if to say,  
"Whose business, if I take it on myself,  
Whose business—but why talk round the barn?—

When it's just that I hold with getting a thing done with."

You can't get back and see it as he saw it.

It's too long a story to go into now.

You'd have to have been there and lived it.

Then you wouldn't have looked on it as just a matter

Of who began it between the two races.

Some guttural exclamation of surprise

The Red Man gave in poking about the mill

Over the great big thumping, shuffling millstone

Disgusted the Miller physically as coming

From a person who the less he attracted

Attention to himself you would have thought the better.

"Come, John," he said, "you want to see the wheel pit?"

He took him down below a cramping rafter

And showed him through a manhole in the floor

The water in desperate straits like frantic fish

Salmon and sturgeon lashing with their tails,

Then he shut down the trap door with a ring in it

That jangled even above the general noise,

And came upstairs alone—and gave that laugh

And said something to a man with a meal-sack

That the man with the meal-sack didn't catch—then,

Oh yes, he showed John the wheel pit all right!

## THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF OUR GREAT WESTERN DESERTS: BY ROSALIE JONES



THE deserts to some people are as beautiful as "Eden's radiant fields of asphodel"; to others they are fearsome places, terrible as the enchanted forest described by Dante, whose trees were human creatures writhing in torment. Those who think the desert an accursed spot full of venomous serpents, poisoned springs, vicious beasts and barbed plants have never seen its tender beauty in the spring, have no knowledge of its wonderful place in the economy of Nature, no perception of its great influence upon the atmosphere of the world. Scientists tell us that it may not be wise to turn these heat generators into moist fields and thus alter the balance of humid and dry air. Perhaps they serve us more vitally in tempering, sweetening and purifying the air we breathe than though they yielded us rich harvests of grain.

The plant life of the desert is one of the most miraculous things on earth. The plants are wonderful stoics, and although they bristle with claws and barbed daggers we cannot but admire the manner in which, in spite of their starved existence, they manage to fit themselves to resist attacks of enemies and to endure the pitiless droughts. They are really heroes in a way, for they have won a battle that those with feeble adaptiveness and with less powers of resistance would have lost utterly.

Even the fiercest of warriors have their bright hours of joyous rest between battles, tender hours when swords are laid aside and suits of mail exchanged for soft velvet robes. So with the plant warriors of the desert there comes in the season of soft winds and gentle rains a time when their defensive armor, if not exactly laid aside, at least is decorated with the gayest of silken flowered scarves, when their heads are crowned with the blossom wreaths of peace and when every sword and dagger point is tipped with tender, fragrant flower flames. In no place on this earth does spring come more magically, more wonderfully than in the desert. Every barb, and thorn and spine, sharper than any needle point of steel, for a brief, happy time is sheathed in bright flower gauze, silks and velvets that glisten for but a day. Baby blue-eyes, violets, yellow mimulus, white owl's clover, wild verbenas, portulacca, phlox, evening snow and sunshine follow the spring rains so quickly that it seems as though a glorious carpet had been laid in those sandy places over night.

Gay companies of flowers spring into sight and rush over the ground with whirlwind speed. They circle every rock as though they were children playing ring-a-round-a-rosy, they rim every crack and paint the hills with pastel shades. These tiny spring carpet-flowers



## DESERT GARDENS

have need to hurry, for their stay is short. They spring to life, leave their seed and depart in but a few weeks' time. Scarce a dry stem is left standing upon the sands to testify to the spring frolic. It is a miracle how their seeds, covered by the wind flurries for their ten months' sleep, ever survive the heat and live to repeat again the pretty miracle of spring.

**O**F all the hardier spring desert growths the opuntias are the most common. One section of this great genus is the familiar flat-stemmed, oval-jointed prickly pear or tuna; the other the cholla cactus, elongated, cylindrical-jointed. The prickly pear would soon have been exterminated had it not covered itself with bristling, sharp needles, for its fruit is sweet and juicy and its leaves full of nutrition. Cattle-men feed it to stock after burning off its bristles; but Luther Burbank has found a way of growing it without bristles, as all the world now knows. The flowers are about three inches in diameter, yellow as gold or flaming red according to the variety, and are borne around the rim of the flat, saucer-like joints. In some arid regions of southern California, a species is found bearing large rose-magenta flowers upon almost spineless lobes, though in place of the sharp spines it is covered with minute bristles almost more annoying than the longer, sharper spines of its relatives. The barbed spines of the chollas are about one and a half inches long and are covered with a paper sheaf which slips off at the slightest touch. The dried and hollow cylinders with which the desert is so thickly strewn and which are such objects of curiosity to strangers are but old sections of this plant. In the spring every cylinder of this queer plant is crowned with purplish-red bloom. The chollas, which reach to a height of seven feet or more, grow in such dense jungles that it is almost impossible to penetrate them, therefore a colony of them is a favorite retreat for the birds who nest therein safe from the reach of the dreaded rattler, who never ventures to force a way among those sharp thorns.

The saguaro or giant cactus is called the "sentinel of the desert." Tall and straight it stands there on the plains, and therefore has won the name "fence-post cactus." A variety with arms branching like a candlestick is the candelabrum species, while the "Laocoon" variety resembles the ancient statue in the bristling of its many branches. This last is found mostly in the foothills. The saguaro sometimes grows as tall as forty feet. All these cacti are punctured here and there by birds who find therein excellent protection for their nests. The red-shafted flicker taps their fluted exterior and builds a cool nest within. The tiny elf owls are also saguaro tenants. This cacti has great water-storing capacity and scientists tell us that their accord-

## DESERT GARDENS

pleated sides expand in the rainy season and shrink in the dry. The Bisnaga or barrel cactus, so called from its shape, is very valuable to the travelers. By removing a slice from the top with an axe and pounding the pulp, a sweetened juice is obtained, called Pitanaya Dulce. This drink in its fermented form is used freely by the Mexicans. They also make most delicious candy from it.

**C**REOSOTE or greasewood bushes are found in symmetrical rows about ten feet apart and give the desert a cultivated appearance. They grow about three feet high and are called "sand-holding bushes" because they are said to keep the sand from drifting. After a rain or when bruised, they exude a resinous odor which is balm to the poor consumptive who has sought this spot in hope of recovery. The ocatillo, often called candlewood, which appears to have no near relation, has a fearsome array of thorns all along its graceful branches. In dry weather it seems to deserve its name, "the devil's coach whip," but the spring rains transform it into a thing of beauty. Tender green leaves cover the spines which, however, drop off as soon as the drought begins, and from the end of each branch shoots a long scarlet flower, a veritable tongue of flame. Nothing could be more startlingly beautiful than this plant when in bloom, though for most of the year it stands like a bundle of dry sticks and looks not unlike a giant's hand thrust through the earth, clawing the air with vicious intent, or like some huge octopus ready to drag the unwary within its cruel net.

Another fantastic, demoniacal object is the Joshua tree. It is a scraggly, dangerous-looking thing,—every leaf a dagger, every flower fetid and uncannily colored. The Indians grind its seed into a coarse meal which they eat raw or cook into a sort of mush. No one voluntarily ventures near this cruel-looking tree, though it is strangely picturesque against a night sky.

The mesquite, with its queer screw pod, the palo verde and depua and palo breya are bright with narrow leaves that hang diagonally or perpendicularly to the sun, thus cleverly avoiding the direct rays that would rob it of its precious moisture. The Crucifixion thorn looks somewhat like the palo verde except that it has no leaf whatsoever. It is all thorn, for each twig ends in a sharp spike. There is hardly a spot on its whole bristling surface tender enough for a blossom to open a way to the light. Its small yellow flower makes but a brief appearance upon one side of a spike momentarily softened by rain.

One of the most beautiful things of the desert is the Lluvia d'Oro or "shower of gold." Its willowy grace is most conspicuous among its stiff neighbors. It is somewhat like a white birch as to stem, and



*Photograph by A. Pillsbury.*

IN THE SEASON OF SOFT WINDS AND GENTLE RAINS, every bristling plant of the deserts, mesa lands and dry valleys of the West is crowned with flower color: The sharp barbs of the cacti are sheathed in bloom and the ground literally spread with a carpet of flowers gorgeous in color, that fill the air with Oriental fragrance.



**THE CHOLLA CACTI** such as is shown on the right grows sometimes to a height of seven feet or more: The barbed spires are often an inch and a half long and covered with a paper sheath which slips off at the slightest touch:

In the spring every cylinder of this plant is tipped with purplish red bloom of great beauty:

Small animals, serpents and even the birds may be found at the pitiless noon hour seeking the slight shelter from the sun provided by the thick column of the cholla cactus:

Associated with this cactus is often found the Yucca or Spanish bayonet, that lifts so superb a stalk of bells above its sharp-pointed sword-like leaves.

**ONE OF THE MANY VARIETIES** of cholla cacti found in the desert of southern Arizona: In the spring every branch is tipped with silken petaled flowers of wonderful color:

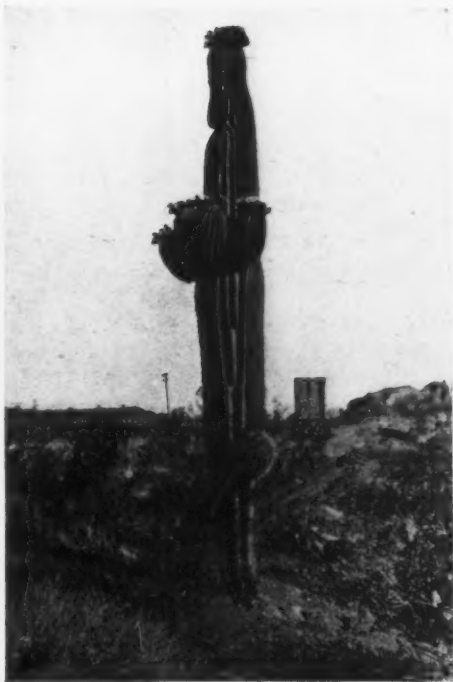
The dried and hollow cylinders with which the desert is so thickly strewn and which are such objects of curiosity to strangers are sections of the cholla cacti: This bush is a favorite nesting site of a little bird called the cactus wren: In this bayoneted home she is safe from the intrusion of her enemy, the deadly rattler:

In the spring this desert fighter increases its size by putting new sections or joints on every old stem: The young branches, being provided with hooked barbs, adhere to every passing animal or are broken off by the winds and thus are carried far away from the parent plant: They quickly take root and a new plant is started.



SAGUARO CACTUS such as is shown at the right is often called the "sentinel of the desert": This barbed giant under the spell of tender spring rains wears a crown of gay blossoms: A good view of the accordion-pleated sides is here given:

There is nothing stranger in the whole plant world than a forest of these deeply ribbed branchless cacti: One could easily fancy himself in the fabled forests of mythological days: On a dark and stormy night they look like giants marching in battle.



"THE FENCE-POST" CACTUS, a species of the saguaro cacti, as shown in the photograph at the left, well deserves its name: It is tall and straight and almost without branches:

Its many-branched relative may be seen in the background:

The "fence-post" cacti is often punctured by birds who find therein a cool, moist, secure nesting site:

Travelers under the stress of dire necessity often chop a fence-post cactus near the base and draw the water which it has somehow managed to store: Such moisture has often saved the life of people lost in the deserts.

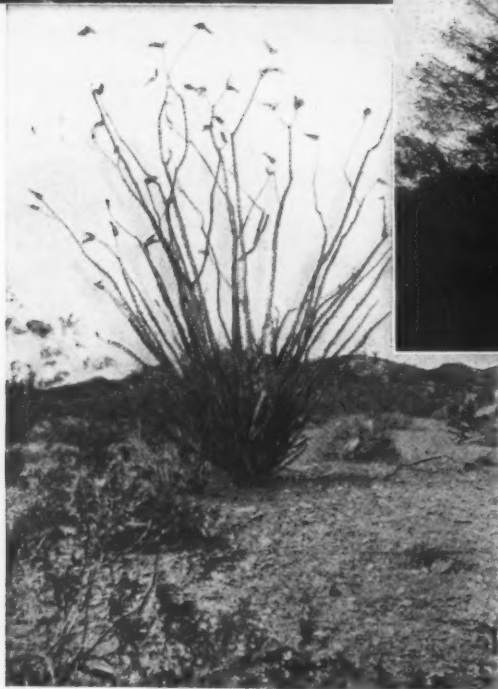




THE STRAIGHT SAGUARO CACTI and the airy palo verde are often to be found closely associated: The contrast of textures makes a most interesting desert picture:

The palo verde tree shown below sometimes grows to a height of fifty feet and is therefore one of the highest plants of the desert: In the spring when covered with yellow flowers it is a thing of great beauty: The leaves are long and narrow and hang diagonally or perpendicularly to the sun, thus conserving their precious moisture with almost human intelligence:

Though the shadow cast by this tree upon the ground is never dense, nevertheless it is often gratefully taken advantage of by wayfarers as well as animals: The tree's feathery beauty makes it a conspicuous object among the angular leafless growths with which it is associated: Its silver green foliage is extremely effective against the gold of the desert and the amethystine atmosphere.



THE OCATILLO, or "devil's coach-whip," during most of the year resembles a bunch of dried sticks or some giant's hand upthrust from the earth: In the spring, however, every barbed stick is tipped with a wonderful flame colored flower: Nothing more marvelous is seen in the whole vegetable world than this dangerous looking object when in full flame.

## DESERT GARDENS

when its long drooping branches are covered with gold blossoms, it is indeed a lovely thing.

**I**T would weary any one but a desert lover to listen to an enumeration of each plant that defends its position upon the sand or alkali soil so vigorously or to read in detail of the cacti that look like sleeping porcupines, giant pin-cushions or green watermelons suddenly sprouting thorns, or of how cleverly they store the rain that falls but rarely, in huge reservoir roots, or coat their stems with a varnished gum that makes evaporation impossible, or bore a way far down through dry rocks in search of moisture, or hold intruders at bay with barbed, hooked, spiral and saw-shaped thorns often viciously poisoned as well. But with all their interesting differences they have one peculiar trait in common, and that is they are indigenous to America; some extend down into Mexico, a few even to South America, fewer still are found in the West Indies. Along the Mediterranean coast it has been naturalized and is known as the Indian fig; Africa is said to have a few cacti, but the one thousand or so known species are mostly restricted to America. They are mainly found in Arizona, New Mexico and southern California, and seem to have been developed in these basins of heat to show the marvelous resourcefulness that Nature displays in covering every spot of this world with beauty.

In those desert furnaces, companioning those thorny plant fighters, are strange hardy animal folk armored with sharp claw and horn, barbed and bristling as any cacti. The fabled salamander, nourished by flame though he is said to be, exists no more marvelously than those desert creatures. The slow moving, soft toad of lush green gardens is horned and swift as a flash, in the desert; owls lacking trees burrow in the ground like any rabbit seeking cool darkness; lynx, cougars, wild cats are lean and unusually keen eyed, and the forked tongues of serpents are tipped and poisoned. The animals like the rabbits, antelope and sheep, who cannot frighten their enemies by daggers or poison, have been given the gift of swiftness—like the wind is their flight when frightened. All the animals are lean, sparsely fed as anchorites. Few are the feast days for them in that burning land.

At night a new glory comes to the desert garden, that of stillness. Those who have missed the exalted experience of a night in the desert have no knowledge, no understanding of the word peace. The night reveals a new world. The mirage of a lake in a waterless land is a wonderful thing to see, but the still world and the glittering sky above it is even more miraculous. Bluer than the sea is the night sky and the stars shine with an immeasurable brightness.

Summer  
camp  
designed  
by  
Aymar  
Embury.



## NEW TYPES OF SMALL HOUSES THAT COMBINE BEAUTY AND EFFICIENCY

*Sketches Designed by Aymar Embury;  
Courtesy of Arkansas Soft Pine Bureau.*



**M**AKING a home is not only one of the most pleasurable experiences in life, but also one of the most educational. All the love of beauty, good judgment, sense of fitness, need of order, which any one is possessed of go into the making of a home. Once committed to the undertaking of hunting a site and creating thereon that delightful shelter called a home, pleasures and anxieties intensify, increase and multiply in a most bewildering ratio. Knowledge of endurance of materials, mysteries of plumbing, subtleties of color harmonies, laws of proportion, relation of costs, are thrust upon one whether or no. People of moderate means are just as anxious to have beautiful homes as the very rich, they take just as much pleasure in the studying of the floor plans, considering the type of exterior, as though their home cost many thousands of dollars instead of a few. Desire and necessity must somehow be brought to an amicable agreement in the one case as in the other, though one deals with thousands and the other hundreds of dollars. Every one wishes beauty, convenience and full return for moneys expended.

Aymar Embury, who has made a special study of small house building, says that though the question of cost comes always between the builder and his desires the final compromise is often something satisfying beyond expectation. When one thing that can perhaps be spared must be given up in favor of something that cannot, of course it is a useless ornamentation that is sacrificed in favor of better material, therefore the result is a structure simpler, more compact, than would have been obtained had the original idea been carried out.

More thought is given to the economy of space and to the kind of material which will be used, the kind that will not have to be renewed every few years. Thus by working within strict limitations better and

## BEAUTY AND EFFICIENCY IN SMALL HOUSES

more artistic results are often obtained. Mr. Embury points out that the cost of houses is broadly determined by three things—size, kind of material and complexity of the plan. Certain things are almost invariably demanded nowadays even in the small houses, such as hardwood floors, tile bathrooms, first-class plumbing, lighting and heating plants. The smaller the house the more watchful and ingenious must be the architect that everything may be obtained of the best quality possible, and so arranged as to afford the utmost possible convenience in the working facilities of the house. Every item must count; there must be no idle walls or waste spaces, no unnecessary ornamentation. Beauty is striven for in the main outlines, the silhouette; and the gingerbread ornamentation that fortunately could not be afforded does not mar the simple elegance of the house.

**W**E are pleased to be able to show a few most delightful and practical small houses designed by Mr. Embury. They are certainly pleasant to look upon and the utmost possible comfort and convenience has been attained. The four houses that we are fortunate enough to show are of wood, a material which promises the widest variety of types, assures length of service and results in a sympathetic beauty that is especially suitable in a small house.

The first house is designed for a summer camp, therefore needs no complicated expensive foundation and excavation, but rests on low wooden posts. The exterior is of clapboards or shingles laid seven and one-half inches to the weather, roof shingles are laid four and one-half inches to the weather. The chimney is of native stone or brick. The interior is unplastered, woodwork, beams and exposed wooden ceiling surfaced. For the sake of winter security during the time when the house is unoccupied solid shutters have been provided. These give a fine opportunity for introducing color. The exterior of this

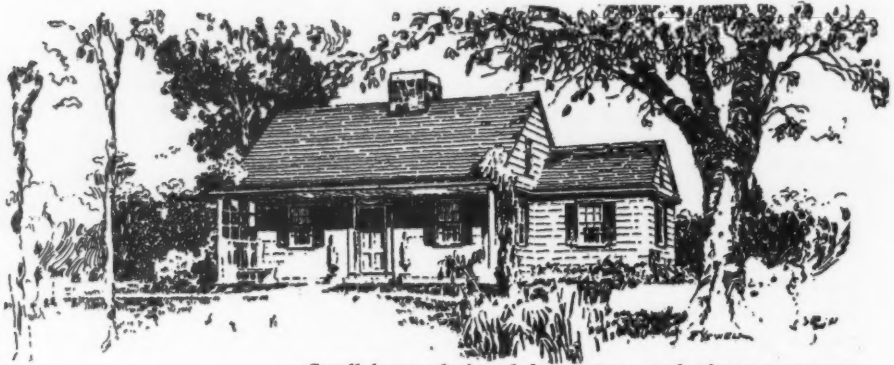


A little house of wood combining beauty and efficiency.



## BEAUTY AND EFFICIENCY IN SMALL HOUSES

"Be it  
ever so  
humble  
there  
is no  
place  
like  
home."



Small house designed for summer and winter occupancy. house, Mr. Embury says, should be stained soft pale brown, floors of the porches painted the same color and the roof stained with a slightly darker tint, window trim, cornices and porch woodwork the same tint as the wall surfaces. The shutters should be a pale light green, robin's egg blue or dark brown if the owner does not care for these decorative color touches.

The floor plan is exceptionally practical. There are two generous bedrooms, large sized living room, kitchen, bath and two porches. The entrance is into the living room, with its cheery fireplace directly opposite. If the lay of the land does not lend itself comfortably to this arrangement of rooms, he has suggested an alternate plan. An extra bedroom is obtained by this second plan and the expense is therefore a trifle greater, but it permits entrance on the side instead of the face of the house. Either plan is compact and practical and the exterior view of the house, with its decorative lattice work on the porches and colored shutters, makes a most delightful and homey looking structure. The cost is estimated at about twelve hundred dollars.

**A**NOTHER five-room arrangement is shown in the second house. The rooms are larger and the exterior a little more elaborate. Therefore the cost is increased to about two thousand dollars. The materials used are practically the same with the exception of a brick foundation. The walls are of two by four inch studs covered with sheathing paper and clapboards. The roof is of shingles, chimney of brick, walls and ceilings of the rooms are to be plastered throughout. The exterior of the house is to be painted white, blinds green or if preferred the walls could be dull light brown, buff or gray. The beam ends of the piazza project like a pergola, lattice work lightly encloses it. This makes an airy, beautiful, unusual feature of the house, especially when the vines are growing. If this house is to be



## BEAUTY AND EFFICIENCY IN SMALL HOUSES

used only in the summer then native vines like wild grape or bitter-sweet could be used, for they will attend to themselves in a way best fitted to develop their fullest beauty. If people insist upon having such roses or vines as are not native to the place there is always the trouble of covering in the winter, uncovering in the spring or of forcing conditions. This often necessitates a special trip from the city out to the house to get it ready for the summer growth.

The floor plan reveals three bedrooms and a bath in convenient arrangement and a kitchen in comfortable relation to the living room, one end of which must serve as a dining room. The slant of the roof leaves quite a good sized storage place above which is reached by a hatchway or ladder or a steep staircase hung on counter balance between the two bedrooms, so that it can be folded up out of the way when not in use.

A little more substantial is the third house designed by Mr. Embury, and it would be hard indeed to find a pleasanter or more home-like looking structure. Its lines are unusually attractive and the seat with its trellised back at the end of the porch makes a picture of home comfort and fine hospitality. Since this little house is intended for occupancy during the entire year, provision has been made for a cellar



Small house painted white, green shutters and Dutch roof.

and heating plant. Both the first and the second stories have double floors, are plastered throughout except the ceilings over the dining and living rooms. The beams of the second floor and the under side of the flooring of the room above being surfaced, an effect of a beamed ceiling is thus obtained. The fireplace is of brick, with a wooden shelf supported on small wooden brackets. The trim of the living and dining room and kitchen should be stained and waxed in colors to match the furniture and curtains. Since two stories are provided for

*(Continued on page 421.)*

## THE LAUGHTERS: BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER



PRING!

And her hidden bugles up the street.  
Spring—and the sweet  
Laughter of winds at the crossing;  
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing  
Its hair in abandoned ecstasies.  
Laughter of trees.

Laughter of shop-girls that giggle and blush;  
Laughter of the tug-boat's impertinent fife.  
Laughter followed by a trembling hush—  
Laughter of love, scarce whispered aloud.  
Then, stilled by no sacredness or strife,  
Laughter that leaps from the crowd;  
Seizing the world in a rush.  
Laughter of life. . . .

Earth takes deep breaths like a man who had feared he might smother,  
Filling his lungs before bursting into a shout. . . .  
Windows are opened—curtains flying out;  
Over the wash-lines women call to each other.  
And, under the calling, there surges, too clearly to doubt,  
Spring, with the noises  
Of shrill, little voices;  
Joining in "Tag" and the furious chase  
Of "I-spy," "Red Rover" and "Prisoner's Base";  
Of the roller-skates whirl at the sidewalk's slope,  
Of boys playing marbles and the girls skipping rope.  
And there, down the avenue, behold,  
The first true herald of the Spring—  
The hand-organ gasping and wheezily murmuring  
Its tunes ten-years old. . . .  
And the music, trivial and tawdry, has freshness and magical swing.  
And over and under it,  
During and after—  
The laughter  
Of Spring! . . .

And lifted still  
With the common thrill,  
With the throbbing air, the tingling vapor,  
That rose like strong and mingled wines;  
I turn to my paper,  
And read these lines:

## THE LAUGHTERS

*"Now that the Spring is here,  
The war enters its bloodiest phase. . . .  
The men are impatient. . . .  
Bad roads, storms and the rigors of the winter  
Have held back the contending armies. . . .  
But the recruits have arrived.  
And are waiting only the first days of warm weather. . . .  
There will be terrible fighting along the whole line—  
Now that Spring has come."*

I put the paper down. . . .  
Something struck out the sun—something unseen;  
Something arose like a dark wave to drown  
The golden streets with sickly green.  
Something polluted the blossoming day  
With the touch of decay.  
The music thinned and died;  
People seemed hollow-eyed.  
Even the faces of children, where gaiety lingers,  
Sagged and drooped like banners about to be furled—  
And Silence laid its bony fingers  
On the lips of the world. . . .  
A grisly quiet with the power to choke;  
A quiet that only one thing broke;  
One thing alone rose up thereafter. . . .  
Laughter!  
Laughter of streams running red.  
Laughter of evil things in the night;  
Vultures carousing over the dead;  
Laughter of ghouls.  
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.  
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.  
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,  
Sweeping the earth.  
Laughter of the cannon's poisonous breath. . . .  
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling  
The raucous and rumbling  
Laughter of death.  
Death that arises to sing—  
Hailing the Spring!

*Courtesy of The Masses.*

## GARDEN GATES AND ENTRANCES: BY E. I. FARRINGTON



HERE is a strong national sentiment in America against the exclusiveness which walled gardens seem to imply. Yet some kind of garden enclosure is highly desirable, and, of course, an enclosed garden must have an entrance. This makes possible what is coming to be an interesting and delightful feature of many gardens in this country, even though the emphasis is being laid rather unduly, perhaps, on the pergola design. American houses and American gardens are being pergolarized to an extent that is almost amusing; it is even bewildering to see pergolas attached to little farm cottages and old-fashioned houses, where they look about as appropriate as a bandmaster's coat on a clergyman.

When a garden is wholly informal and close by a house of the cottage type, the best kind of garden gate is designed with a simple arch, over which vines may be trained. If the house is somewhat more pretentious and the garden a trifle more formal, there is no good reason why a gateway with a pergola top should not be used, and on large estates or at entrances opening into a strictly formal or Italian garden the pergola type of gateway is ideal.

When the garden encloses a Colonial house, it is most appropriately surrounded with a white picket fence or with a low brick wall, possibly a combination of both, such as may be found on one side of the garden at Mount Vernon. In either case, the gate should be simple and of wood painted white with posts at the side having molded caps. If the fence is made of wood or wood on a low brick wall, the gate posts will naturally be of the same materials, or if brick alone is used in the walls, the gate posts will naturally be brick, too, and square, with a ball on top, perhaps, or an urn for growing plants. The entrance gate to the grounds of a large estate may appropriately be made of iron when a brick wall is used, but a wooden gate painted white is also satisfactory for the garden of a Colonial house. Of course, the design and color of the dwelling must be considered, and a white gateway might not be at all suitable for a California bungalow or a stone Craftsman house or one built of stucco. But, then, neither would a brick wall or a picket fence. Gardens adjoining houses of this type are best surrounded with hedges, and then the entrance gate may be painted the same color as the house. Sometimes a simple lattice-work fence with vines growing over it can be substituted for a hedge, especially if the owner desires considerable privacy. Lattice-work fences of this kind and gates to match can be purchased ready made and set up in a very short time.

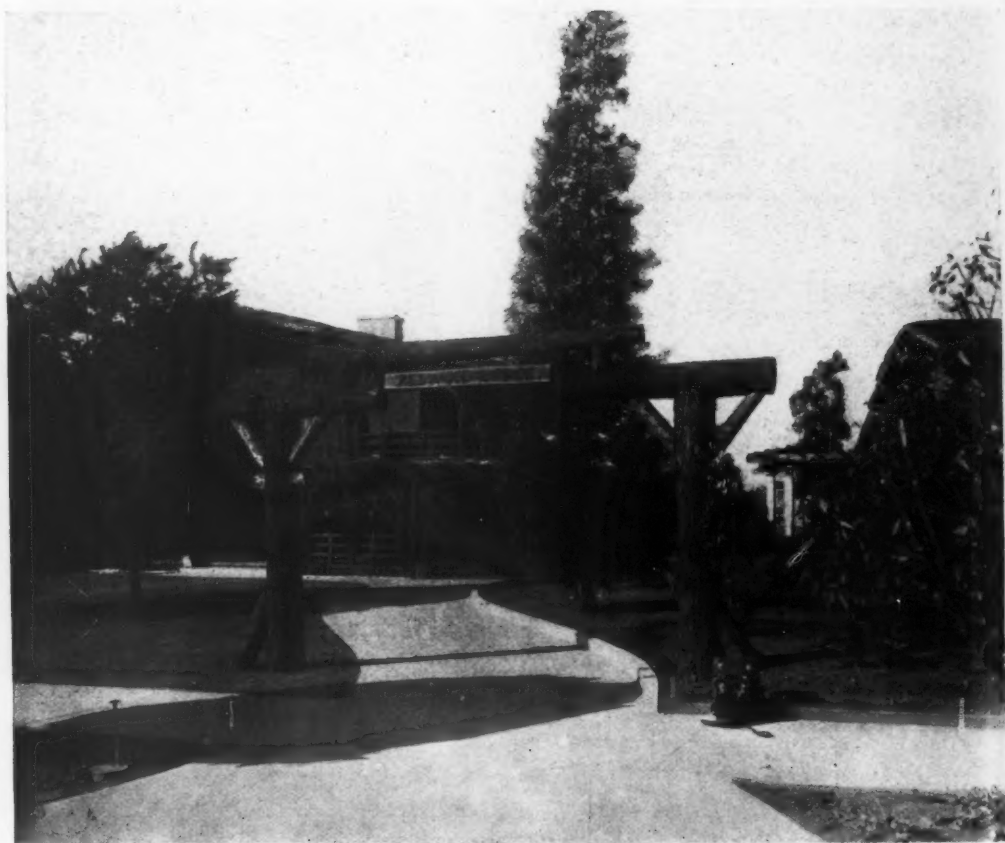
Mediæval gardens, we discover, when reading the quaint and



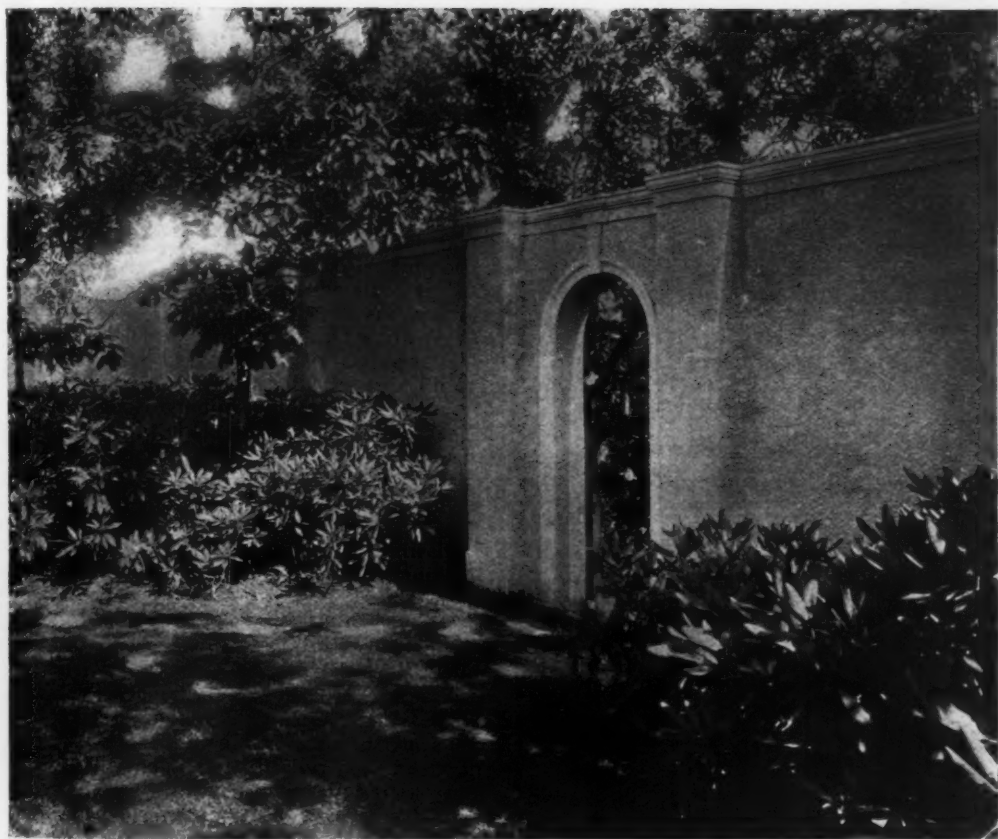
**ROSE PILLARS AT ENTRANCE OF DRIVEWAYS** are beautiful by day and when fitted with lanterns are vitally useful by night:

A Japanese lantern might serve an equally decorative and useful purpose in lands where roses do not thrive so well perhaps as in California.

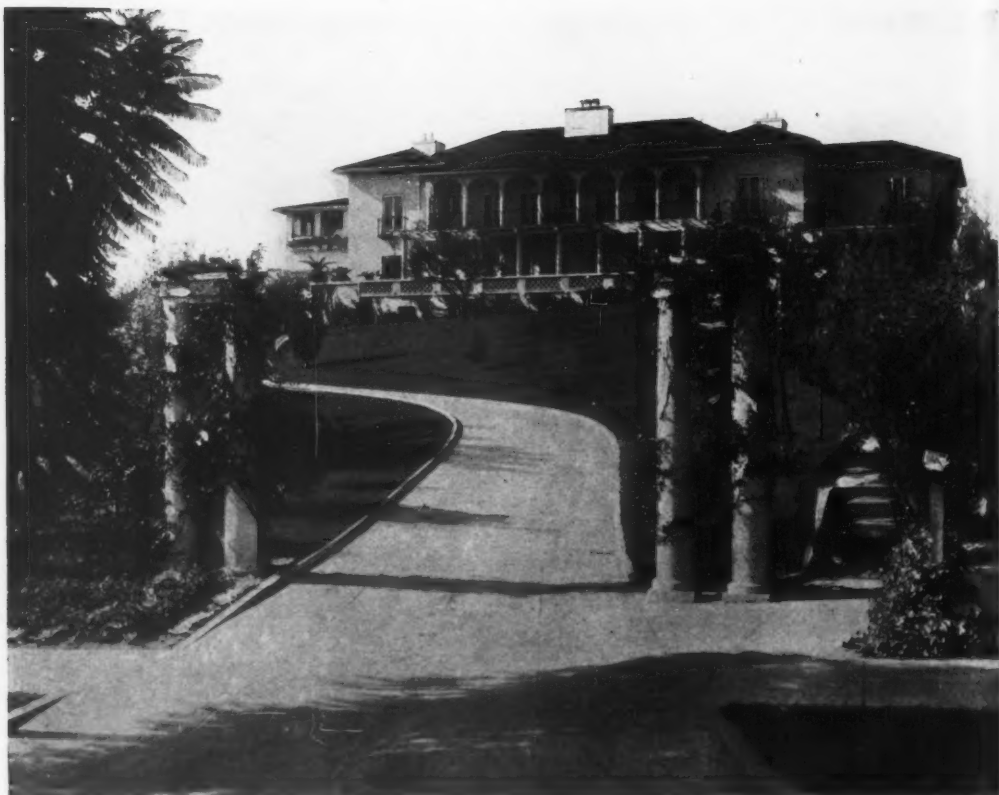




ENTRANCE GATES OF REDWOOD TREES are frequent along the Pacific Coast: When used in connection with redwood houses they are extremely suitable: An addition might be made to such a gateway by hanging a rustic bird box upon one side or rustic lanterns made along simple lines.



**SERVICE GATEWAYS** might be made more interesting by the introduction of a rustic mail box such as is shown in the marginal sketch: The planting about the gateway shown here is especially happy.



THREE COLONIAL POSTS as grouped above pleasantly entwined with roses speak a welcome: Entrances in modern days are for graceful welcome rather than a barrier against intrusion of unfriendly guests.

## GARDEN GATES AND ENTRANCES

charming descriptions of the old writers, were beset with "thick-set hedges of green," or "battlemented walls." Gardens were "circum-mured with brick," "enclosed with walles—strong, embanked with benches to sytt and take my rest." Though at first the walls were erected as strongholds of the home, their beauty was so apparent, so compelling, that after strict need of them had passed people built them because of their fitness and the sense of privacy they gave. The gateways piercing those old walls were as beautiful and impressive as the owner's rank and purse permitted. Upon the great posts of the nobleman's gateways were carved or emblazoned the family coat of arms, upon the gates of peaceful monastery walls were nailed crosses of wood or else Latin inscriptions were deeply graved, kings' palaces were protected by gates of iron wonderfully wrought, and on either side stood guards costumed magnificently. Whatever we do to our gateways at the present day keeps alive some faint memory of those old times. Walls are not so high nor so thick, are ornamental instead of defensive. In place of the gaily bedecked guards standing watchfully at the gate posts we plant stiff little trees, instead of the ominous cannon on the top of each post we place an urn filled with flowers and overflowing with vines.

But whatever the time, the gate invariably represents the station and the taste of the owner. A stranger idling along a village street or motoring swiftly along country roads past the estates of the wealthy may get a very fair idea of the people dwelling back of the entrances. Some humble cottages are ennobled by a rose-arched gateway, some by simple pleached evergreens, others are disgraced by ignoble sagging gates or disfigured by unsuitable, showy ornamentation. Some of the entrances to the rich man's grounds are too large, too ostentatious, others badly proportioned, but on the whole American gateways both small and great are exceedingly interesting, for they are nearly always graced with vines. The plainest of walls with rudest of posts becomes beautiful when covered with creepers or vines, fortified with flowers instead of bayonets and cannon. Fences are now constructed so that the passerby may see the green stretch of lawn and noble trees through the pickets instead of having all knowledge of the dweller within shut from sight by towering walls.

**T**HE thought commonly associated with gates is that they are intended to be a barrier against the entrance of unwelcome guests. Doubtless the original purpose of gates was to offer protection and security to those inside, but in these days a garden entrance may seem to invite rather than to warn away. A walk or drive marked by posts at each side, perhaps entwined with vines or

## GARDEN GATES AND ENTRANCES

supporting growing plants, suggests that the visitor will do well to pass that way. The three Colonial posts grouped in one of the illustrations seem to speak a welcome and are very well designed. The rustic entrance serves a similar purpose, although wholly different in character and design.

When one penetrates to the heart of a garden, he is likely to find gates of a different type, narrow often, and vine-covered, and altogether intimate in their nature. In the heart of the garden the rustic form is most satisfactory; but if a high wall is to be passed through, there may be only an arched opening with a little iron gate to suggest privacy. A vine-covered arch makes one of the prettiest of garden entrances, with or without a gate. In some gardens the old-time turnstile has been revived and is decidedly picturesque with rural surroundings.

Some garden entrances may be beautified by the use of shrubs, plants and climbing vines. When ornamental posts are used, planting of some kind is especially desirable, and if the posts be made of stone or brick, it can be laid down as a rule that something green should be made to grow upon them or at the base. If the gate is set back from the lot line and joined to the wall by a reverse curve, there may be planting on the street side, but otherwise it is best limited to within the yard or garden. Low growing evergreen trees are very attractive when used in a situation of this sort, but rather expensive. Vines like Boston ivy, Hall's honeysuckle and climbing roses soften the general lines and give color and fragrance. Probably the very best vine to use on a brick or stone post is *euonymus vegetus*, which is not very well known as yet, but which is sure to be widely planted in the future. This vine is evergreen, perfectly hardy, produces great numbers of berries which resemble those of the bitter-sweet vine, and clings readily to the rough surface of brick or stone.

Next to the ivies in popularity is, perhaps, the Virginia creeper. Though it has not the fine evergreen trait of the ivies, it has the delightful habit of changing its quiet robes of green to harlequin garb of gayest reds and yellows in the fall. It spins its own trellis as it climbs, fastening the long runners to the walls with tenacious fingers. In the winter the fine lacy network of stems revealed after the leaves have fallen is extremely decorative, especially when cutting across a glaring red brick wall. For localities liable to severe winters, *ampelopsis muratis* is perhaps best and for shaded north walls *ampelopsis quinquefolia* is most satisfactory.

*Clematis jacmanni* or maiden's bower makes a fine show of purple or of white as preferred over a wall or an arch. A roadway arched by a well cultivated clematis is truly a charming sight. Vines that toss



## COOL TOMBS

a welcome of fragrance such as the honeysuckle, jasmine and all the roses are always delightful for archway coverings. Thunberg's honeysuckle (*Lonicera flauosa*) needs a little sun to release its perfume and to give full size to its blossoms. There is a good giant variety, *Lonicera gigantea*, and a magnificent yellow blossoming one, *Lonicera flava nova* with evergreen foliage. The jasmines, white or yellow, grow steadily more beautiful as the years go by. A special article would be needed to tell of the roses that can be planted to grace the entrance to cottages or palaces. There are always the ramblers, both East and West, red, white, pink and yellow, in infinite variety.

The wisteria lends itself with especial grace to large entrance pergolas or to archways. The stems of an old wisteria are very beautiful and if trained properly and preserved to good old age will make a living arch of themselves. The trellis which supported it when young could be removed and thus a really beautiful living arch crowned all summer with delicate leaves and adorned in the spring with fragrant lavender flower streamers could be had.

Effective results are gained in the West with passion flowers, for they grow to gigantic size. They are valued for the rare blue shade of their flowers and for the ambition of their growth. They are often seen covering the tops of tall trees with a crown of blue. Another beautiful blue vine which can be depended upon to give beauty to an entrance is the plumbago.

## COOL TOMBS



HEN Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs,  
he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in  
the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and  
Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . .  
in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November  
or a paw-paw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . .  
in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a  
hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if  
the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers  
. . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

CARL SANDBURG.

## THE OLD MILL: BY JOHN MÄTTER

"Oh, to be home again, home again, home again,  
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill."



ONCE this mill was young, the timbers were green, and the stones unworn. The waters of the stream slipped quietly beneath the willows and crept gently among the grasses on its banks. Then man came pushing a determined way westward and suddenly the slumbrous waters were quickened into busiest life, the dreamy stream that basked lazily in the sun boiled and seethed and rushed madly through a race and over a wheel, for man had need of its energy. The tall pine trees that for centuries had stood upon the bank were felled and made into homes, apple trees appeared in their places dropping pink and white petals upon the awakened waters, while meadows became cornfields and many roads converged to the mill over which wagons toiled, bringing harvests to its whirling stones.

For nearly a hundred years this little stream turned the wheel grinding the yield of the fields into food for men. Many, many times the spring has released the waters from the icy prisoning of winter and given glad voice to the mill. The apple trees have grown gnarly and the roads have widened by the influx of settlers, yet this old mill of my grandfather's on the Eel River, Indiana, still loyally grinds the corn brought to it by the children's children of those who built it. To me, though living far away from the merry melody of its voice, it represents the spirit of faithful service. About it is a halo of beauty and of romance, for it has played a priceless part in the history of civilization.

It seems to be brooding meditatively upon the past, peering with still intensity of thought into the quiet mirror of the stream as into a crystal globe, seeing the long procession of the years passing mystically in review therein. But at the call of man's need it arouses instantly, the stream singing its joyous song to the accompaniment of the rhythmic clacking of the wheel. Time has mellowed and increased its beauty and ceaseless labor given it reverent place in the affections of its community. Because it has played its part in history, has loyally served while man came, lived a brief time and went again, it seems as it stands quietly by the side of its friend, the stream, to be full of wisdom and human kindliness.

It is in truth a pioneer, as worthy to bear that honored name as those of flesh and blood who marched at the head of civilization's advance. Staunch and well-tried is its heart of wood, strong its oaken timbers as in the days of its youth, sweet is its patient song of good work well done. Framed by the fine old trees that comfort it with cool shadows on summer days, may it stand in all its inspiring beauty for yet another hundred years.

*(See Illustration on Frontispiece.)*

## WINTER'S TURNING: BY AMY LOWELL

**S**NOW is still on the ground,  
But there is a golden brightness in the air.  
Across the river,  
Blue,  
Blue,  
Sweeping widely under the arches  
Of many bridges,  
Is a spire and a dome,  
Clear as though ringed with ice-flakes,  
Golden, and pink, and jocund.  
On a nearby steeple,  
A golden weather cock flashes smartly,  
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing"  
Straight at the ear of Heaven.  
A tall apartment house,  
Crocus-coloured,  
Thrusts up from the street  
Like a new-sprung flower.  
Another street is edged and patterned  
With the bloom of bricks,  
Houses and houses of rose-red bricks,  
Every window a-glitter.  
The city is a parterre,  
Blowing and glowing,  
Alight with the wind,  
Washed over with gold and mercury.  
Let us throw up our hats,  
For we are past the age of balls  
And have none handy.  
Let us take hold of hands,  
And race along the sidewalks,  
And dodge the traffic in crowded streets.  
Let us whirl with the golden spoke-wheels  
Of the sun.  
For tomorrow Winter drops into the waste basket,  
And the calendar calls it March.



## A NEW TYPE OF FURNITURE: ELEGANT IN DESIGN AND RICH IN COLOR



PROBABLY one of the reasons that our houses in America have been so over ornamented, so elaborately draped and decorated, is because we have perhaps unconsciously been seeking for variety and color. It has been a vogue in this country for many, many years, until quite recently in fact, to have the general, substantial furnishing of the house in neutral tones; our woodwork gray or tan or white, our carpets dark and inconspicuous, our curtains and hangings and furniture all in soft unobtrusive tones, and then we have sought to brighten these Puritan surroundings with color in vases, or books, with flowers and only occasionally with upholstery. Now, if a house is completely furnished before we think of color, then color is going to become an artificial addition, and it is always, more or less, going to seem superficial in the arrangement of a room.

It is really only in the very last few years, almost in the past year, that we have decided to seek for color in the essential furnishings of rooms, in the woodwork, in the actual furniture, in rugs and draperies. We owe part of this freshening of our color spirit to the brilliant whimsical, perhaps temporary painting of the Futurist school; we owe it to the new stage setting, to such men as Reinhardt and Urban and Jones, we owe it preëminently to two foreign men, both designers of rooms and of costumes, Bakst and Poiret.

America has been slower than any other nation in accepting this new spirit of delight in brilliant colors and in appreciating the fact that the most brilliant tones in the world can be combined and used simultaneously if arranged through the medium of an artistic imagination.



An old-fashioned rocker finished in Chromewald finish.



A Chromewald tea-table in blue.

For many years the Craftsman furniture and furnishings sought inspiration wholly from Nature in her gentlest moods, and Craftsman wood browns and forest greens became famous. We added to this background and foundation for furnishing a room occasional apricot yellow, Holland blue or parrot red that gave the high light; but almost invariably the furniture was oak toned its softest, richest note or green that gave the sug-

## A NEW TYPE OF FURNITURE



A gate-leg desk in Chromewald design finished in blue and brown.

American furniture, will be eager to know more about the progress made in the presentation of Chromewald blue, Chromewald brown, a combination of blue and brown, a new and interesting gray, and also in the prospect of the production of green and possibly orange.

We are showing in the illustrations in this article some of the new, very picturesque Chromewald designs. Of course, it is impossible to give any impression of the beauty of deep blue mountain lakes, of the richness of the golden sheen or the soft warmth and intimacy of the gray tone of the Chromewald gray in these little sketches, but something of the picturesque form of the quality which makes this furniture, already known as "picture furniture," can be surmised. Perhaps if one excepts the beauty of color and the picturesqueness of outline of the Chromewald furniture, the next most significant quality is a certain friendliness, a certain kind of intimacy and pleasure that one usually expects only from antique pieces. Possibly the very tone of this furniture, the lack of any flat unbeautiful space, the gold glow in the high light, the depth of the blue may account for this.

In any case we cannot but feel that the secret of the instant acceptance of Chromewald furniture by people desiring really beautiful environment is in part the sense of familiarity it gives, like an established friendship or a recurring melody. It looks as though it had been polished by years of

gestion of wistaria arbors in June.

It is only in the past few months that Mr. Stickley has decided that the color note in a room should be inherent in the articles themselves. In order to carry out this idea, which is along the line of his thought from the beginning of his work, he has devised a new construction in furniture, finished in a new method in interesting colors. We have already spoken of the "Chromewald" furniture in *THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE* and we feel that people who are interested in his designs, indeed all people who are interested in artistic development in

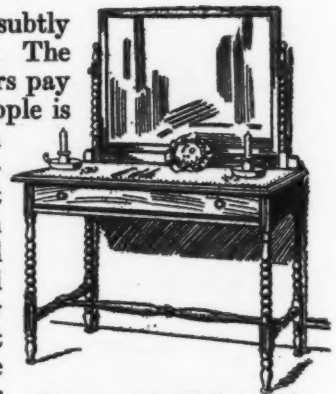


Chromewald table in blue and brown.



## A NEW TYPE OF FURNITURE

comfortable usage. Varnish, no matter how subtly applied, has an undesirable look of newness. The quality of old furniture that makes collectors pay what seems an exorbitant price to some people is in the polish that only age has until now been able to give. The hand polish of the Japanese to a great extent reproduces the soft luster that we have considered was given wood only by age. Occasionally a Colonial chair will be found in some New England house that has been in constant use for many generations with just that soft luster that age and service only can give. Furniture lovers have ransacked New England hoping to gain possession of such old chairs, for well they know nothing made of late days can compare with the refined distinction of surface attained by those old pieces.

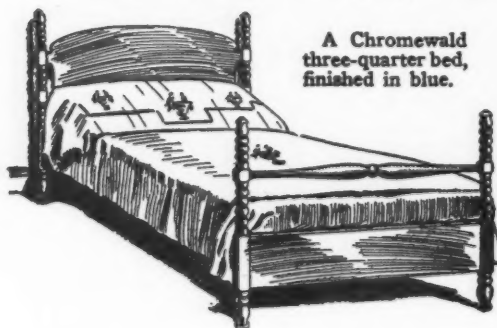


Chromewald dressing table, made in blue, brown or gray.

Chromewald furniture is singularly like the old furniture in finish. Mr. Stickley, who has spent a lifetime experimenting in the curing and polishing of wood, has discovered a way of fuming that permits the deep rich gold glow of the live wood to show through color. As far as we know, this is the only occasion where color is used on fumed oak. The decorative quality of color obtained is much greater than in that of the popular painted furniture, the standard of perfection of which is a smooth, unmodulated surface. This perfection is exceedingly monotonous compared with that incorporated in the fumed wood.

The pen and ink sketches scattered through the text of this article in no way convey the subtle color charm and refined finish of the wood, but they give a rather imperfect idea of their form. The proportion of the gate-leg tea-table is exceptionally happy. The turned legs are delicate yet sturdy looking, light with no suggestion of insecurity.

The open gate-leg solves the problem of comfortable sitting, for it does away with the fixed table leg that, in small tables, leaves no place for the diner's knees. The eight legs make the table extremely steady. Round table tops mounted on a central pedestal at their best are insecure. They are seldom firm. This table is in a rich sun-warm



A Chromewald three-quarter bed, finished in blue.

## A NEW TYPE OF FURNITURE

Chromewald brown finish or a rare shade of Chinese blue, polished until the blue on the corners and the tops of the rounds has been rubbed off, leaving the golden brown showing through. When this table is made with blue legs with a hint of brown in the high lights and the top of brown, set with blue dishes, with candlesticks with blue candles in them and vases filled with blue flowers it is certainly a most strikingly original piece of furniture. It is decorative, bright, modern, yet looks substantial, well tried and old.

The clover leaf table with the four beautifully turned legs and graceful stretcher is smaller and therefore easy to carry about. When made with a brown top and set with blue dishes it is an ideal table upon which an invalid's breakfast may be served by the side of the bed. Or again it can be carried out to the lawn under the pergola or on the porch for an individual breakfast service.

Another beautiful design is the gate-leg writing table. When rooms are small this makes an unusually practical article. Apartment houses need sometimes to be furnished with smallest articles of furniture that are practical. The legs of this table fold compactly and the lid drops down so that it occupies but little space and is beautiful whether open or closed.

The dressing table and the bed are ideal for city houses, for they are dainty, elegant, rich looking, yet not heavily burdensome. These are but a few of the articles designed by Mr. Stickley and finished with the Chromewald. There are wonderful daybeds, dining-room sets, in fact every article of furniture for the most aristocratic of city houses can be found made in the Chromewald blues, oak brown or grays.

Oak furniture takes a most wonderful gray under this treatment. It is not a silver or a blue gray, but a deep warm gray full of character. When furniture upon which this gray color has been introduced is thoroughly polished by this hand process, the brilliancy of the wood shines through the gray and gives it an alive sense difficult to describe. The dressing table, writing desk and tea tables are provided, if desired, with glass tops, beneath which silk or cretonne in bright figures can be introduced to complete the color scheme of the room.

Though rooms furnished entirely with Chromewald are distinctive, any one piece could be introduced to advantage in a room furnished either with mahogany or oak. We might liken these individual pieces to jewelry which focuses or completes a definite color scheme. As a bit of jewelry is the finishing touch to a fine costume, one piece of Chromewald introduced into a dull room immediately lifts it to fresh interest, infuses color in the most natural and pleasing of ways.

## CRAFTSMAN TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES: TWO NEW DESIGNS



TOWN house of brick and a summer camp of wood have been designed for the help and consideration of readers of the July CRAFTSMAN. These two houses are very different—one is formal, dignified, imposing, substantial, beautiful, through the great reserve shown in its designing; the other is its opposite in type, simple, informal, roomy and a most acceptable example of all that a summer home among the hills and trees should be. The windows are as large as it was possible to make them, so that the sweetness of the outside world could penetrate to the inside of the house. Large porches for dining room and terraces for outdoor living rooms have been provided. Each of these two houses was planned to facilitate comfortable living in their respective locations.

THE floor plan of the city house, Number Two hundred and eleven, reveals a new feature of importance and that is the sun room at the right of the entrance. This sun room is capable of many treatments. It may be left open as shown in the picture with window boxes along the edge or it can be enclosed with glass for a winter sitting room. But in either case the little wall fountain at the back of the living-room chimney should be kept. This little fountain could be but a simple lion head or dolphin placed over a raised basin or it could be more elaborate with some little figure standing at the back of a circular pool set in the floor. The outlet and inlet of water could easily be regulated in either case and potted plants, ferns and ivies set around the rim. This arrangement would be much easier than any attempt to grow them in soil left for that purpose.

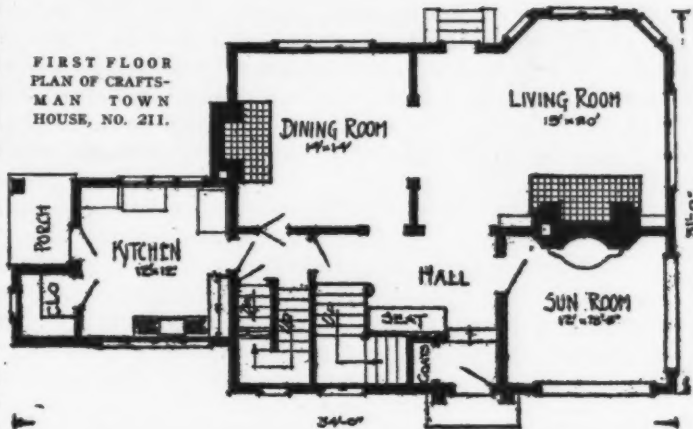
On either side of the entrance to this house are brick pillars incorporated in the main wall of the house and supporting a small hood. The floor of the entrance is but one step up from the walk, which gives it a hospitable appearance. At the left of the door is a coat closet. Another step leads up to the main hall, and in the corner by the stair is a seat that not only is most convenient, but gives a pleasant cozy effect to the hall that is quite often most uninteresting. These two stairways are admirably handled. The servants can reach their room from either the kitchen or the dining room without having to pass through the front hall. This not only saves them steps, but enables them to go back and forth to their own rooms without having to disturb the members of the family.

The position of the kitchen is also excellent. The tradesmen's entrance is through a gateway in the brick garden wall that is an extension of the outer wall of the kitchen. One kitchen window thus looks

## CRAFTSMAN TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES

through vines to the street and the others have full view of the main garden that is at the back of the house. There is also a service porch that, covered with

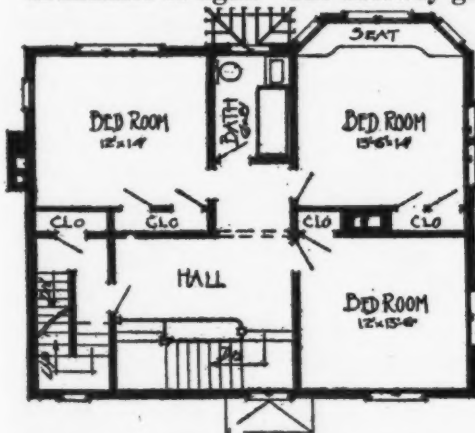
FIRST FLOOR  
PLAN OF CRAFTS-  
MAN TOWN  
HOUSE, NO. 211.



vines, would make a pleasant place for the maids to sit and rest. The kitchen is provided with ample closet room and all conveniences for work.

A large fireplace is an attractive feature of the dining room. Whether entering this room from the hall or the living room the fireplace and the large window giving view of the garden is seen, making a pleasant impression of sunlight and firelight cheer. There is also a fireplace in the living room. Opposite is a large bay window which, with the group of three casement windows, assures the room of an abundance of light. The doorway gives access to the wall garden at

the back of the house. Thus the first floor is condensed where necessary, yet the main rooms and the hall, by reason of the wide doors and their group placing, may be thrown together almost as one room in the event of a social gathering. The second floor allows for three roomy bedrooms, closets and the bath, beside the hall, and the third floor is devoted to the servants' quarters.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN TOWN HOUSE,  
NO. 211.

Brick has been chosen for this town house because of its substantial permanent beauty. The shade is not indicated be-



## CRAFTSMAN TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES

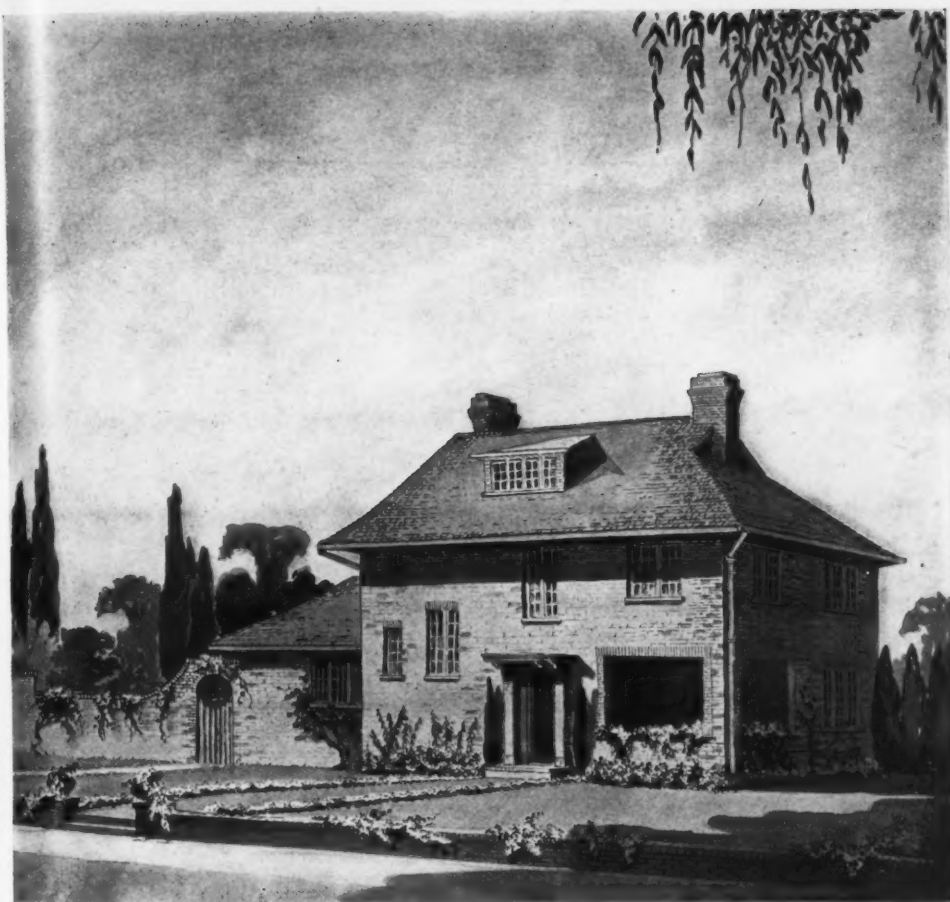
cause there are almost as many tints to choose from as there are people desiring to build. Buffs, light and dark browns, gray, fawns and reds in full scale, plain or varied, rough or smooth are ready for people's choosing. The low curbing or wall along the street front is also of brick partially covered with ivy. The walks can be of brick, cement or gravel as desired. All the windows are casement and the chimneys of brick.

This house was placed rather close to the street to allow for a large garden in the rear. This garden should be made along formal lines to be in keeping with the reserved trimness of the house. If the garden was enclosed by a wall or hedge then espalier fruit trees could be grown against them. The fruit of an espalier tree, because it is protected from the winds and the cold weather by the wall, is generally earlier and much more perfect in size and color than the fruit of an unprotected tree. Since they take up but little room and are extremely ornamental they are to be preferred for city or town gardens.

**S**UMMER houses, though plain even to rudeness, are often more beloved than the larger city home. The aspect of informal living, the wide porches and open windows bespeak comfort and thorough enjoyment of life. The one we have designed for this month, Number Two hundred and twelve, is preëminently for a home in the hills, a grove or by a lake. One of the houses to be shown in the August CRAFTSMAN will be a summer cottage designed especially for the seashore. Sometimes a house planned for the seashore would be equally excellent for the mountains, but as a general thing the arrangements of rooms, baths and porches of the two houses must be different because the need is different.

The first thing to consider in a summer camp is the floor plan. There must be as large a living room as can be obtained and plenty of bedrooms and extra places for sleeping when guests are to be accommodated for the week-end parties that form so large a part of a summer's pleasure. Provision has been made for four bedrooms and two baths in this house. Two bedrooms and a bath were put on each side of the house and separated by the living room so that in the event of large parties there could be greater privacy. If the owner does not desire the two bathrooms then one of the divisions could be used for an extra closet or storerooms. Trunks could be set out of the way in them, yet be easily reached. Extra cots could be put out on the terrace, the corners of the house offering ample protection from the wind. Extra couches could also be put in the living room; a tent or two also for the boy scouts of the family or the Woodcraft girls be-





*There are no Craftsman Houses except those Published in this Magazine.*

**CRAFTSMAN TOWN HOUSE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND ELEVEN, OF BRICK**, along dignified, reserved lines: In the garden wall, which is an extension of the house, is a small gateway which adds beauty to the design and gives tradesmen direct entrance to the kitchen:

A curbing of brick partly covered with ivy is across the face of the lot and a sun room or porch with wall fountain makes the one corner of the house unusually attractive.



**CRAFTSMAN SUMMER CAMP, NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE, OF WOOD**, designed to be erected upon a slightly sloping bank of a lake or small stream.

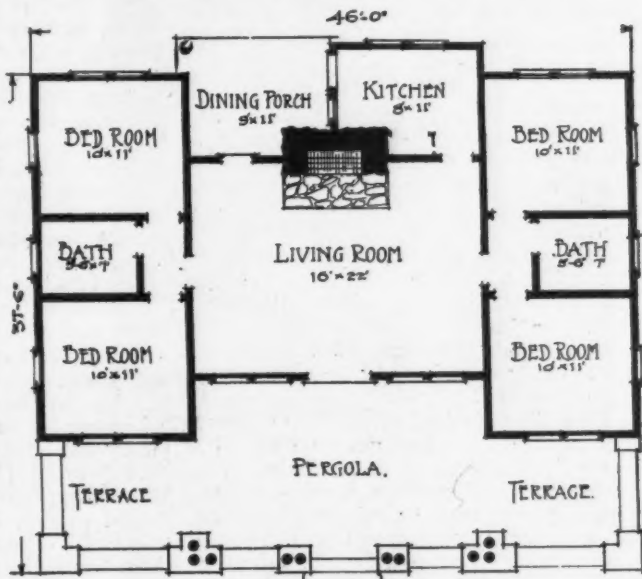
Because the large central living room extends to the peak opportunity is had for the introduction of an upper row of windows which give light to the room even though the vine-covered pergola partly shades the lower windows.

## CRAFTSMAN TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES

neath the trees, would help dispose of the summer overflow of guests and also give the youngsters a helpful, most delightful experience in the real joys of camp life.

When winter calls the family back to the city the task of closing the house for safety during its long idleness confronts the owner. This plan has provided a dry storeroom for the rugs, bedding, clothing, etc., above the bedrooms. As everyone knows who has closed a house for the winter, every precaution must be taken to keep out the dampness and mildew. That this house could be built as cheaply as possible, the living room was left unceiled, open to the peak of the roof; but the bedrooms were ceiled over, leaving them eight feet in height. So above the bedrooms and bath on each side of the house is a high and dry place for storing things out of the reach of wood rats and squirrels that do so much damage unless outwitted in some way. These storage places must be reached by ladders. They should not be left standing beside them, but removed to another part of the room or placed upon the floor. Each of these storerooms is provided with windows which permit a free current of air to pass across the living room and also keep the bedrooms cool. Because the living room is higher than the other rooms there is a chance for a row of windows beneath the eaves on the front of the house. The light entering the room from so high a position illumines the room most pleasantly.

At the rear of the house is a dining porch that can be enclosed in glass or left open as desired. If left open as some prefer, then the table can be set in the living room on stormy days. Or still a different plan could be had by turning this dining porch into an outdoor sleeping porch and serving all the meals in the living room, or even out on the terrace under the pergola. This house would be at its best



CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY HOUSE NO. 212: FLOOR PLAN.

built upon a slightly sloping bank by a lake so that the back of the house is practically on a level and the terrace in front raised a little above the lake. This gives a chance for effective winding walk down to the water. If there are no stones in the locality then of course a similar effect could be had by the large rustic porch. To provide for both full sun and shade a pergola has been introduced over the central part of the terrace. This pergola is to be of rustic; in the West it quite likely would be of redwood, in the East oak, chestnut, pine, white birch or whatever tree is most easily obtainable. In such woodland positions rustic looks better with the bark left on. If, in the course of time, the bark becomes ragged it can be removed and the bare logs stained.

Of course the planting of such a place should be what is called natural. There are vines such as bitter-sweet, wild grape, wild cucumber, honeysuckle, woodbine or even the long trailing blackberry that could be lifted from their home in the immediate neighborhood of the house and planted at the terrace so that they will either partially cover it or climb over the top of the pergola. All the flowers planted among the rocks, beneath the windows or along the walks should be wild flowers, because they are more suitable.

## A HOUSE OF SEVEN FIREPLACES

### A HOUSE OF SEVEN FIREPLACES: FROM CRAFTSMAN INSPIRATION

**C**RUISING for months upon the labyrinth of tidal streams and estuaries of Virginia in search of a home site is an experience well worthy the fine old romantic name, "adventure." We can think of no more delightful voyage than such a one taken by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Hutchins, authors of "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway." At last they found their little Canaan upon the west bank of Broad Creek in the outskirts of Ingleside, a suburb of Norfolk.

Here they are just completing a house designed and worked out in detail by themselves. Most of the finishing construction, as of mantels, hearths, paneling, and some of the hardware, has been done by Mr. Hutchins, so that the house embodies their conception of Craftsman ideals as adapted to a southern suburban home.

As shown by the illustrations, the house has an exterior of simplest lines, depending for effect upon careful proportioning, a dignified solidity of construction, and well balanced detail.

The house has almost the appearance of being built with heavy exposed timber-

ing. This is due to the 2"x10" water-table, looking like an exposed sill, supporting what resemble solid 6"x6" corner posts, these in turn seemingly capped by a large belt timber running just beneath the shingled upper story. The timber-like corner posts really have their inner corners sawed out, and fit over the sheathing the same as ordinary corner-boards, but minus the open joint, and plus a dignified effect that corner-boards cannot have.

In keeping with this solid structural appearance below are the gables above with their 6"x6" projecting timbers supporting the exposed rafters of the wide overhang.

This look of heavy construction called of course for very wide weatherboarding. This was obtained by shaping  $\frac{7}{8}$ "x10" boards in form similar to ordinary weatherboarding but with the base of each board plowed out to receive the upper edge of the one below it. In this form each board lies flat upon the studding its whole width, and when properly bored and nailed with four regular flat head nails at each stud bearing, can be kept from warping despite the marked warping tendency of so wide a clapboard.

Even when a builder fully realizes the artistic value of keeping foundations low so that the house seems growing from the earth, he does not usually attempt to



A HOUSE OF SEVEN FIREPLACES, BUILT AND OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. FRANK HUTCHINS

## A HOUSE OF SEVEN FIREPLACES

attain this ideal if there is to be a cellar under the house. A cellar to be properly lighted requires windows of good size and to get these the foundation must be carried well above grade.

But to a considerable degree a large, well lighted cellar and a low-lying house are here combined. This is accomplished by bringing the small one-story portion, where cellar windows are unnecessary, down to the ground, and by the retaining wall along the west front, which permits a rise of the lawn that does away with steps, and gives an actual surface approach to the porch.

### ALONG CRAFTSMAN LINES.

This porch, in its strong simplicity, is a good example of Craftsman architecture. The illustrations give a fair idea of the manner of construction. Large wooden porch pillars like these, whether solid or built up, present a number of difficulties in their tendencies to unduly display cracks and joints and to go early to decay at their lower ends where they rest upon the porch floor. Unusual care has been taken to overcome these troubles. The pillars are made up of thick boards of Mississippi heart pine built over a strong interior frame. The bases



AN INGENUOUSLY PLACED FIREPLACE OF BRICK AND WOOD.



SHOWING HOW WELL THE HOUSE IS PLACED.

are of concrete with a very smooth surface finish so that when painted white uniformly with the pillars above them no incongruous change of material is apparent. Each base has its middle part—all that is covered by the wooden pillar resting upon it—raised and tapering upward toward the center. So, when the pillar is in place, the base has the appearance of having the desired flat top, and yet the wooden pillar rests upon a sloping surface that will carry the rain water away from it, and will even drain away what may be blown in under it.

All the rest of the framing of the porch is in solid timbers. The long stretch of roof between the two front pillars has been secured without sagging by using for its support a slightly bent timber laid crowning side up. The floor of the porch is of concrete. Except for a smooth finished border in gray, the surface is slightly rough in broken green, as the pebble aggregate shows through and, disdaining the green stain, makes a hit-and-miss mosaic in its own dull yellows and browns.

Two features of this porch make it pe-



## A HOUSE OF SEVEN FIREPLACES



A SIMPLE ALL-BRICK FIREPLACE.

cularly attractive as the entrance to a suburban or country home. The absence of steps, so that the lawn lies level against the porch floor, ties the house to the outdoors, giving a feeling of welcome to the visitor as he walks directly in from green of grass to green of porch floor; and the recessed entrance at the back of the porch carries the visitor hospitably on half within the home before he comes to the quaint little step and the door with its weathered brass old-fashioned latch.

The two big chimneys showing squat through the ridge of the house are in keeping with the low spread of the building, and are unusually complete in their construction. Each one carries five terracotta lined flues and four ash-chutes, thus providing a separate flue for each of the following: furnace, laundry stove, kitchen range (if range be used), and seven open fireplaces, together with separate ash-chutes for each of the fireplaces, upstairs and down. The house contains eight rooms and two baths.

While no attempt has been made to secure the most marked Craftsman-like effects by extensive wall-surfaces in wood, there has been a generous use of that most home-making of materials. The usual interior trim is exceptionally

heavy, and there is much additional woodwork in structural and panel effects. All of this is most satisfyingly simple and plain. There is not a piece of so-called ornamental molding in the house.

Wood has been left to show as wood. Paint and varnish have been tabooed, and the surface treated with spirit stains and with a dull finish, showing all the charming perfections and the artistic homelike imperfections, too, of the natural wood.

In the recessed portion of the dining room chimney front, the background about the antique-surfaced, brass medallion, is a covering of concrete over the bricks. This concrete is of cement, sand, and fine sharp particles of stone, called by the builders grit. The resulting rough surface was first brushed over with a flat dark-green paint, very thin so as to reach into all the interstices between the tiny stones; and after this coat was dry, a second one of flat light-green was brushed on lightly so as to strike only the high points. The result is an attractive broken effect of both texture and color.

### SEVEN OPEN FIRES.

There are seven open fireplaces, and they have made a good record, as no one of them smokes. This is due to their construction having been taken entirely out of the hands of the mason, and made a matter of scientific measurements.

It will be noticed that nearly all the fireplaces have low projections of masonry at the sides, cheek-hobs they might be called. These are the result of a study of fireplaces with an eye to securing something of old-time massiveness within the more limited space, usually available nowadays, for chimney-breasts. The effect is quite pronounced. These cheek-hobs make bases of added width and weight for the sides of the fireplace, and materially increase the apparent depth of the opening.

This deepening effect was an interesting development as the work went on. It is recognized that a shallow fireplace, other things being equal, will throw out more heat than a deep one. But it does not look as well. Here it was found that the low projecting masonry at the sides seemed to push the back walls so deeply in as to give quite satisfactory character and dignity to the fireplaces.

These cheek-hobs have much of the artistic quaintness, too, of the old-time hob built within the opening.

## THE LITTLE HOUSES OF AMERICA

### THE LITTLE HOUSES OF AMERICA

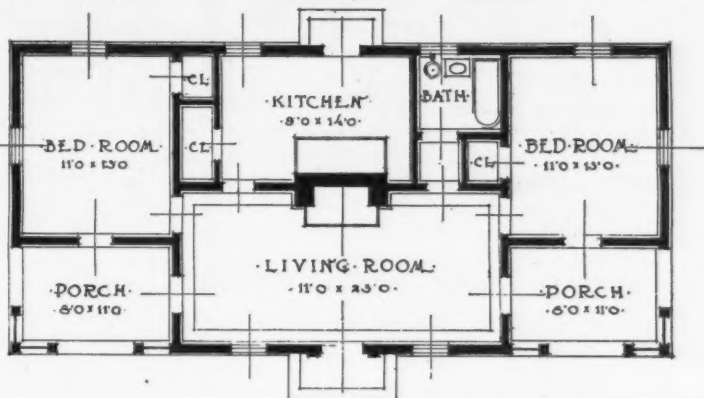
*Continued from page 395.*

in this house, bedrooms and bath are naturally relegated to the upper floor. This gives greater privacy to the bedrooms and besides some people think it is more wholesome to sleep upstairs, therefore insist upon a two-story house. This house was planned to face the street, though if the lot upon which it stands be a narrow one the bedroom end could be placed toward the rear.

A path bordered with flowers leading down one side to the porch would make an attractive entrance even if it be on the side instead of the front of the house. If the porch floor cannot be laid with broken flags as indicated in the design, then brick or wood could be substituted. The cost of this house with its two stories, larger rooms, more substantial provision for heating, would be about two thousand five hundred dollars.

Many people think the Dutch or gambrel roof the most picturesque of all roofs for a small house, so Mr. Embury has given us

a design with such a roof and it certainly embodies the historical sentiment. The cost is now raised to a possible three thousand five hundred dollars, but it provides for seven rooms. The arrangement of the rooms is especially fine and the big dining room, kitchen and pantry with its porches are compactly together on the first floor and the four bedrooms and bath are conven-

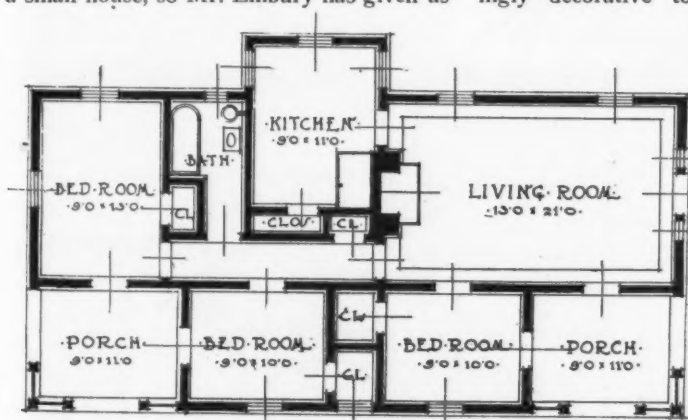


FLOOR PLAN OF SUMMER CAMP DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY, SHOWN ON PAGE 392.

iently grouped on the second floor. A heating plant is installed in one part of the cellar, which has been excavated the full size of the house, thus permitting the installation of a wash room, storage rooms or photographic dark room if desired. An inexpensive but attractive idea is introduced in the cornice and frieze. The lattice on the porches and the shutters also give a pleasingly decorative touch to the exterior.

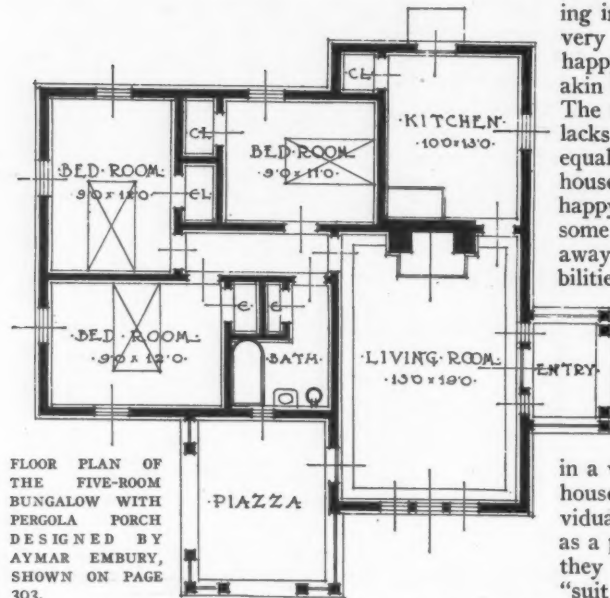
White has been chosen for the body of this house. The roof is of soft light brown or tan and the shutters green. The interior is plastered trim with a base and picture mold, floors stained dark, waxed and polished.

Mr. Embury's advice to inexperienced people about to build a small house is well worth serious attention,



ALTERNATIVE PLAN FOR SUMMER CAMP, SHOWN ON PAGE 392.

## THE LITTLE HOUSES OF AMERICA



FLOOR PLAN OF THE FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW WITH PERGOLA PORCH DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY, SHOWN ON PAGE 393.

for there is not a point upon which he is not amply qualified to give the most worth while counsel. The foundations, he says, should be built up of vitrified brick coated with solid tar on all sections below grade to guard against the disintegrating effects of dampness. The floor of the cellar should be laid with Portland cement. Every joint between the brick foundation and the wood sills must be filled to prevent rats and mice from gaining an entrance. Special precaution should be taken to have the studding heavy enough to insure a rigid frame. In addition it should be well augmented by diagonal braces and short pieces of wood inserted between the studs to stiffen them. Light tough wood such as pine is recommended for the framing, sheathing, rafters, boxing, etc. Shingles of wood instead of tile or slate are best for the small houses, not only because they last well, but because better color results can be obtained through the simple process of staining.

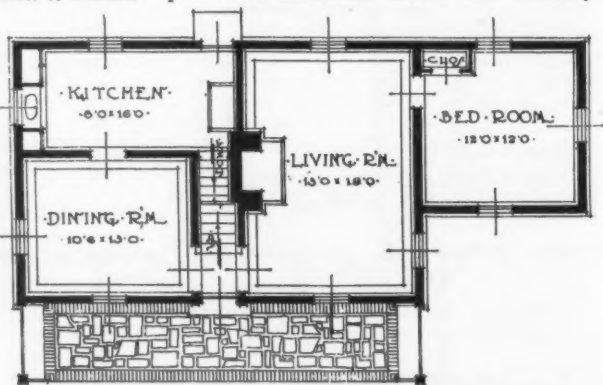
There is a compelling, lovable quality about a little house that is generally lack-

ing in a large pretentious one. The very name, cottage, has a homey, happy, wholesome sound somewhat akin to the affectionate name home. The word palace or mansion utterly lacks the power to conjure up an equally appealing picture. Little houses suggest the first home of the happy young people or a retreat in some beautiful corner of the world away from the cares and responsibilities of great town houses. Little houses are for the country, not for the city. They always have gardens of flowers or great trees to give dignity or noble view to inspire. Whether down by the sea or up in the mountains, in a village or out in the wilds, little houses seem to have a decided individuality that we might almost class as a personality. As a general thing they seem to have been designed to "suit the taste of the master's mind"

rather than to have been laid out by a professional, disinterested architect.

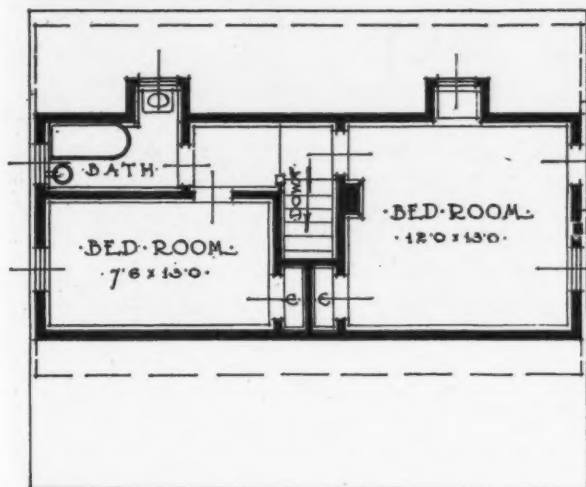
In looking over these cottages designed by Mr. Embury we find in unusual degree that charming individuality without which a little house would seem cheap rather than irresistibly desirable. Smallness carries with it the air of cheapness unless beautifully modeled, then it partakes of the refinement or the condensed worth of jewels.

There is something beside a combination of wood and stone, brick and mortar, floor plan and silhouette about Mr. Embury's



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF THE ONE AND ONE-HALF STORY BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY, SHOWN ON PAGE 394.

## THE LITTLE HOUSES OF AMERICA



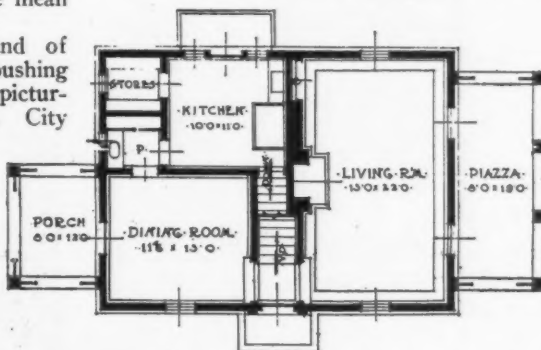
SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF A HOUSE DESIGNED FOR BOTH SUMMER AND WINTER OCCUPANCY, SHOWN ON PAGE 394.

work, a something intangible that means home, that suggests comfort and joy of living, and that embodies all that we mean by the word beautiful.

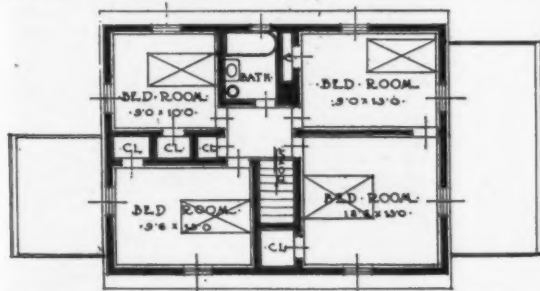
America is preëminently a land of little homes. The settlers pushing steadily westward left a trail of picturesque small houses behind them. City people, seeing the vital necessity of giving children a summer's experience with out-of-door living both for their bodies and for their spirits' health, have filled our mountains and hills and fringed our seacoast with summer cottages. True, some of these cottages are mansions as far as size is concerned, but the majority of these summer houses are small. Many are inexcusably ugly. It does not cost any more to build a

beautiful house than a monstrously ungainly awkward one, badly proportioned, carelessly built, that is as far as money is concerned; but it does cost more of that much rarer commodity, good taste.

We are hoping that these designs of Mr. Embury's may reach many, many people and serve as models for a great many new homes. We cannot think how people could look upon such delightfully designed houses and not be influenced by them. People build illy generally because they lack a standard of beauty, lack a model upon which to mold, to form their own ideas. Even though a house be well enough as to general contour, it is easy



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF SEVEN-ROOM HOUSE WITH DUTCH ROOF DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY FOR COUNTRY RESIDENCE, DESCRIBED ON PAGE 395.

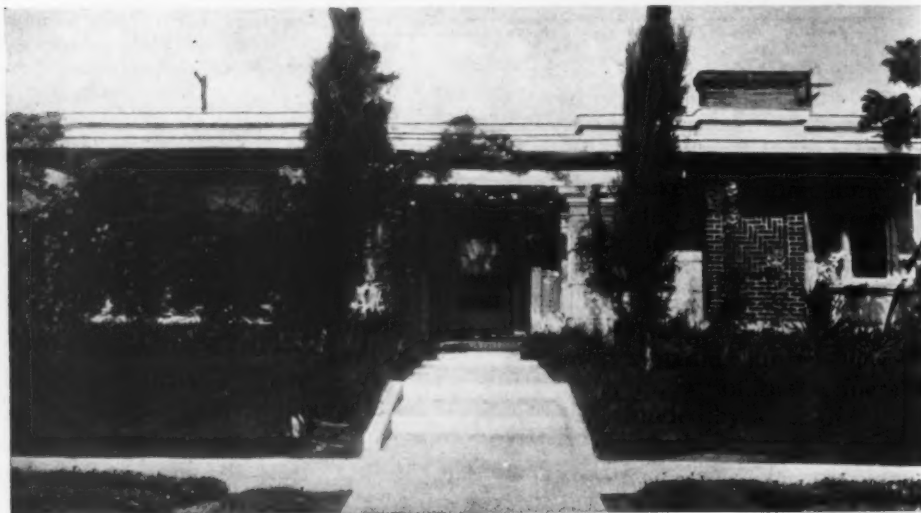


SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF THE COUNTRY HOME SHOWN ON PAGE 395.

enough to ruin it by poor selection of colors for the outside paint and by inharmonious planting of flowers. People still plant magenta flowers against a red brick house or red and yellow flower borders against a chocolate brown house. Some houses seem cold because there is no planting of any sort about the house, so that it looks raw, unfinished and out of place. Better inharmonious colors than no softening at all of the line where house and ground meet.



## A PORCH OF CHARM AND FRAGRANCE



### A PORCH OF CHARM AND FRAGRANCE: BY ALBERT MARPLE

**A**S we were passing this odd little home there was something about it, possibly its low, squatty lines or its beautiful floral adornment, which made us pause in our travels, to "take a second look." As we neared the home we noticed the porch, but from a distance it did not seem to hold any particular charm. The home and the porch naturally go hand in hand, so we did not give this porch any especial consideration until we drew nearer. But at the entrance of the little home the real beauty of the porch made itself realized to us. It was delightfully cozy and inviting and it made one feel at home.

This pretty entranceway is not large, about eight by twelve feet in size. The floor is of dark red brick, this being raised about six inches above the sidewalk, or, rather, the approach which leads to the street. The roof of the home only partially covers the porch, the opening in the roof being directly above the center of the porch. The pergola, which stands directly before the porch, is continued back and under the roofed sections, so that it is one continuous pergola from the home out to the front end of the pergola. Directly at the rear center of the porch is a four-foot door, having five large lights, these being about one

A FRAGRANT, MYSTERIOUS PORCH.

by three feet in size and running cross-wise of the door. On either side of this door is a three-foot window containing three lights similar to those in the door.



A ROMANTIC CORNER OF THE PORCH.



## AN ALL-CEMENT CHICKEN HOUSE



Two deep, inviting seats are located at the sides of the porch, the sides and back of these being of one by six material, while the "seat" portions are each made of two one by twelve boards, supported by two two by fours. The slanting back of these seats makes them very comfortable. The posts at the outer corners of the seats are of six by six material. The walls of the porch, with the exception of the door, windows and seats, are covered with split shakes and are painted a light gray, to match the remainder of the exte-

SUN AND VINES MAKE THE DECORATION.  
rior of the home—a fine color effect.

In the description of this porch only the half of its beauty may be told. The restful feeling that it brings is beyond words. The rose vines growing in and out among the beams of the pergola overhead add their individually charming effect, while the potted ferns nearby and the perfume of the flowers from the roof to this little retreat, all add to the indefinable delight, comfort, beauty and satisfaction of the owners.

### AN ALL-CEMENT CHICKEN HOUSE: BY ALBERT MARPLE

**T**HE chicken house made entirely of cement is one of the latest features devised and constructed by a home owner in Long Beach, California. These houses, one of which is shown in the accompanying picture, are made for service. The walls are three inches thick and are solid. Each house is three feet square, three feet high at the front and four feet in height at the rear. One side, that is always turned to the south, is left open. This might be closed in colder climates. This house is as near a vermin-proof structure as it is possible to get. They are readily cleaned and may be effectively and easily sprayed and white-washed.

It would seem that the final word as to the uses of this amazing material, concrete, had not been said. Almost every day reveals some new adaptation of it for practical use

and some fresh, pleasant way of creating beauty with it. Beauty certainly cannot be claimed for this chicken house, but practicality and permanence can. It also has the quality of being warm and dry in winter.



CONCRETE CHICKEN HOUSE MADE FOR SERVICE.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### BOOK REVIEWS

#### CHILD AND COUNTRY: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

**T**HE CRAFTSMAN has always had the most vital interest in the work of Mr. Will Levington Comfort; from the beginning we felt his strongly idealistic attitude toward the relationship of men and women. We felt too that few people had traveled over the world seeing so clearly the truth about humanity, understanding so well the greatness and the weakness of all human creatures.

When we read that most remarkable book, "Midstream," we found it the frankest, most sincere, most enlightened statement of one man's understanding of himself that probably has ever been written. It is difficult enough to write a biography clearly and kindly and incisively, but to write of oneself as posterity might write is a unique achievement. In "Midstream," Mr. Comfort has set down his own life up to middle age without praise or extenuation or apology; we see this man as he has lived, as life has hurt him or helped him; we are astonished that he has given us so much of real truth, and humbly grateful that absolute truth is possible to any human being.

In his most recent book, "Child and Country," Mr. Comfort takes up the question of education with as clear and remarkable an insight into child psychology, as he has shown in the past in the emotional psychology of lovers, and the tense psychology of self revelation.

This book "Child and Country" is really the new kind of education for American children, the education of the spirit, of the brain, of the body—and it is self education. Mr. Comfort understands that most subtle and wonderful truth of the world, *that all rightness and beauty and goodness exist*, that the artist is the man who sees the world as it is, who presents it as it is to his fellow-men, that the artist does not create beauty or truth, but only turns a searchlight on it. He regards the seeing of the spirit of things as the really important kind of education. "I would," he says, "support any plan of education that seeks to find for the youth his life work."

In reading from chapter to chapter we

remember Browning. "And to know rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape." Evidently Mr. Comfort's life has brought to him an impassioned seeking for truth, and a desire to develop education, to make it possible for the children of our nation to get truth from the very beginning of their work, to get it with less agony of spirit and body than most men are compelled to pay as high toll. All education, from his point of view, must come through work. "Nothing," he says, "is so important as for a man to find what he wishes to accomplish in the world." The matter of education becomes to him a holy thing, the finest life task, and the way in which his ideals of the new information for children are set forth is vigorous, beautiful and dramatic.

Mr. Comfort has achieved that most remarkable thing in literature, his own style, and he has done this without whimsicality, without apparent intention, without eccentricity of any kind. Evidently truth is so tremendous to him that each truth develops its own language, and having felt the truth he presents it with the richness and virility it deserves. He is not thinking of his technique; he is thinking of the "splendid beauty" that has been revealed to him, and as he has mastered his technique and made it fluent the beauty pours through his words as sunlight pours through translucent glass. There is no other style in literature except this,—to let words become a translucent medium for every kind of great truth.

So human is Mr. Comfort in his interests and affection in life that all he has to say of education has the quality we associate with fiction, that is, it has fire and emotion. We have let ourselves in a stupid fashion imagine that there is no emotional interest for us in writing except we are to tell of things of the fancy. Mr. Comfort knows better; he knows that the great dynamic forces of life are back of realities, and in this book on education he has proven his contention. The people in it are alive, the facts are alive, his spiritual insight into life is alive and his method of bringing these miracles to us is as intensely alive as though he were writing tragic war stories, passionate love stories or inciting his spirit to express the new religion of work.

## BOOK REVIEWS

Indeed, the latter is what he is doing. He sees that the connecting link between life and the right to life is a man's work. He makes us see and understand and desire to live this new religion. (Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. Price \$1.25 net.)

### AMERICAN CHURCHES: IN TWO VOLUMES: WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM, LITT. D., F. A. I. A., F. R. G. S.

**M**OST people concede that the Gothic style more truly expresses the Christian ideal of the Church than any other. In Europe the growth of the Gothic style was an orderly sequence, just as is the case in the development of all great architecture—each generation adding something to the work of its predecessors. It is difficult to appreciate the full value of this constantly building better, this constant striving for perfection, which produced the triumphs of Gothic Art in France during the thirteenth century—Rheims, Chartres, Amiens—the greatest monuments of Architecture that the world has seen.

“Unfortunately, in America the Church builders were not only far removed from good examples (many had never seen the work in England or on the Continent), but for a long period they were hampered by lack of funds, lack of trained craftsmen; and, most important of all, they lived in an age that had fallen so far below the great religious enthusiasm of the thirteenth century that the Church had become apathetic in its indifference to its housing and its appointments. A lamentable lack of Church unity had brought about that change of expression in the plan which produced the meeting house type of Church and the varying types of the Colonial. Not only good usage but even the laws of the Church seemed to have been forgotten, and it was not until nearly the middle of the last century that scholars began to clear away the mass of misconception that had grown up about these things. Even at the present time ritual is little understood, though much knowledge has been gained.

“The work illustrated and described here shows a great advance over that of the ‘Gothic Revivalists’ of the past, but

the knowledge has been gained only by much research and from sources not always available to the average student. For those who are interested in the subject, and for those called upon to execute ecclesiastical work without the requisite time to study in detail its problems of arrangement, it has seemed worth while to embody in simple form, and arranged for easy reference, something of a knowledge gained by long association with Church building. It has seemed especially worth while when these notes could be illustrated by a series of excellent examples,” says James McF. Baker in a foreword to the second volume.

A few years ago such a book could not have been written about American churches, but now in these two volumes, each with more than two hundred illustrations, information of a most important significance is given in a way that should appeal to every architect in the country. The biggest men of our time are represented. The history of the development of the meeting house, studies of the modern Church architecture and Mediæval refinements have been handled with the utmost fullness. Chancels, altars, screens, parapets, stalls, pulpits, lecterns, organs, the credence, sedilia, font and lighting fixtures, have not only been wisely written about, but illustrated beautifully and with inspiring detail. Stained glass windows, acoustical consideration, color, in fact, every detail of Church architecture has been taken up by the foremost men of our times. Two-thirds of each volume is devoted to illustrations. These alone make the book of great value to modern architects. (Published by The American Architect, New York. Volume I—90 pages, 188 full-page plates; Volume II—117 pages, 78 full-page plates. Price \$7.50 per volume.)

### CHATS ON OLD SILVER: BY ARTHUR HAYDEN

**T**HIS, the latest of the “Chats” books added to the Practical Guide to the Collectors’ Series, is the sixth volume contributed by Arthur Hayden. The book handles such questions as the marks stamped upon silver, ecclesiastical and domestic plate of all kinds and concludes with an appendix containing tables of dates, letters and a table of differences in shields which every collector will con-

## BOOK REVIEWS

sider extremely valuable. There are many helpful illustrations. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Illustrated. 424 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

### THE LAW OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING: BY CLINTON H. BLAKE, JR.

**M**R. BLAKE has, in this book, fixed the general principles of law as it relates to the architect, engineer, owner, contractor, to all in fact who have anything to do with building construction. In considering the mutual rights, duties and liabilities of every one who has an authoritative part in a building, he reveals some of the legal pitfalls into which it is exceedingly easy to fall unless exact knowledge of law is had.

Aymar Embury in his preface says that "Architects as a class are indisputably earnest and careful in their work, but very properly devote the most part of their attention to construction and design. The business end is to most of us incidental, and while we try to keep our accounts straight and our contracts in form, our legal rights and obligations and the legal rights and obligations of our clients and contractors receive far less consideration at our hands than they should."

This book is the first to appear covering just this field, therefore will prove of invaluable aid to architects and doubtless will save them from many a legal entanglement that could easily have been avoided. The duties and liability of the architect, the owner and the contractor, requisites of construction contract, terms and operation of building contract, liens in general and detail, with many important citations from noted cases are fully treated. (Published by The William T. Comstock Co., New York. 314 pages. Price \$3.00 net.)

### MICHELANGELO: BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

**A** FEW years ago Romain Rolland published a study of Michelangelo which is distinct in every way from this volume, published in France in the series "Les Maitres de l'Art" translated now into English for the first time. The author believing that the life of this great artist offers one of the most striking examples of

the influence of a great man in his time has tried to "follow the entire course of the torrent from its beginning to its end." Michelangelo's life from his birth at Caprese to that sad death when his life "like a frail bark reached that wide port where all are bidden," has been given with reverent appreciation and in strictest historical detail. It is fully illustrated with excellent pictures. (Published by Duffield and Company, New York. 189 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

### THE DUNE COUNTRY: BY EARL H. REED

**T**HE big ranges of sand dunes that skirt the southern and eastern shores of Lake Michigan and a strip of sparsely settled, broken community back of them have furnished the inspiration for the etchings and for the pen sketches that make up this book. Those picturesque lonely dunes were the vacation sketching grounds for a number of years of the author who found therein more pleasant experiences, quiet philosophy and beautiful, appealing vistas than could be contained within the compass of one book. Dunes, gulls, crows and "human derelicts, men who have failed in the strife and who have been washed ashore" have been reported with a most sympathetic etching pen and pencil. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 288 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

### BOOKS RECEIVED

**"THE CONFESSION,"** a novel by Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky with an introduction by the translator. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 293 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

**"THE GOLDEN WOMAN,"** by Ridgwell Cullum. A story of the Montana Hills. (Published by George W. Jacobs Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Colored frontispiece. 447 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

**"ROBERTA OF ROSEBERRY GARDENS,"** by Frances Duncan. Illustrated by Jane Donald. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Colored frontispiece. 265 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

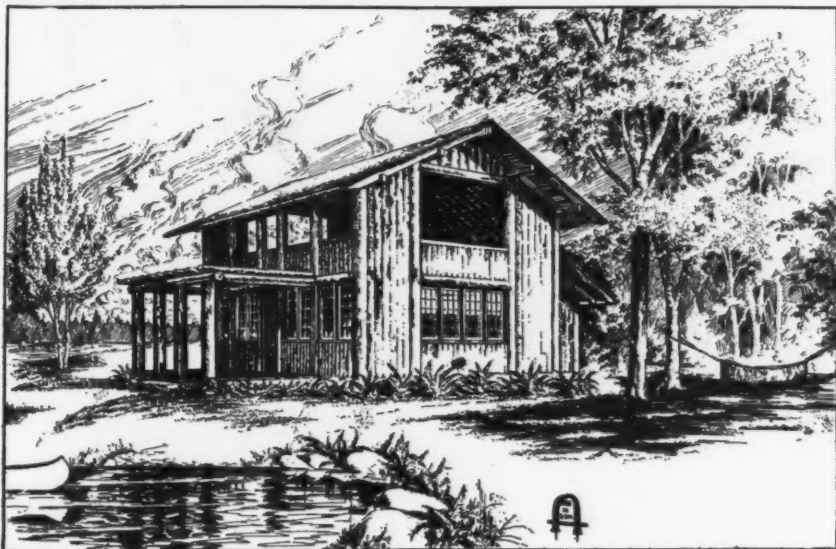
**"THE AMATEUR,"** by Charles G. Norris. (Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. 379 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)



## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

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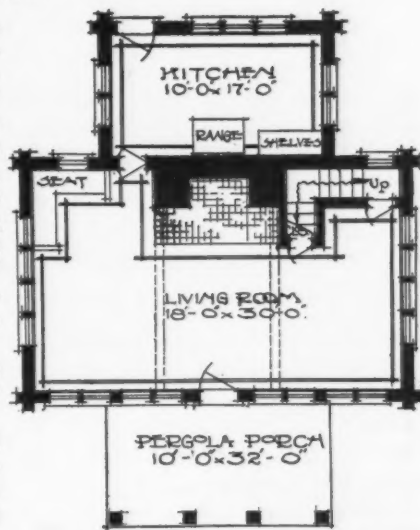


### NO. 121: CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG CAMP FOR OUTDOOR SLEEPING

**T**HIS summer camp is constructed of logs placed upright. These logs can be of chestnut, cedar, oak or whatever wood is most convenient to the land it is to be built upon. If chestnut, the bark should be removed, if cedar it may be left on. Logs from which the bark is removed weather to a very beautiful rich tone, which is impossible to duplicate in a stain. The chinking is of portland cement and sand (one part cement and three parts sand), and therefore permanent. It will take a stain like the logs if desired or will weather with them to a soft natural luster that nature alone knows how to impart.

In the open sleeping room curtains of duck can be placed in the windows to shut out rain or heavy winds.

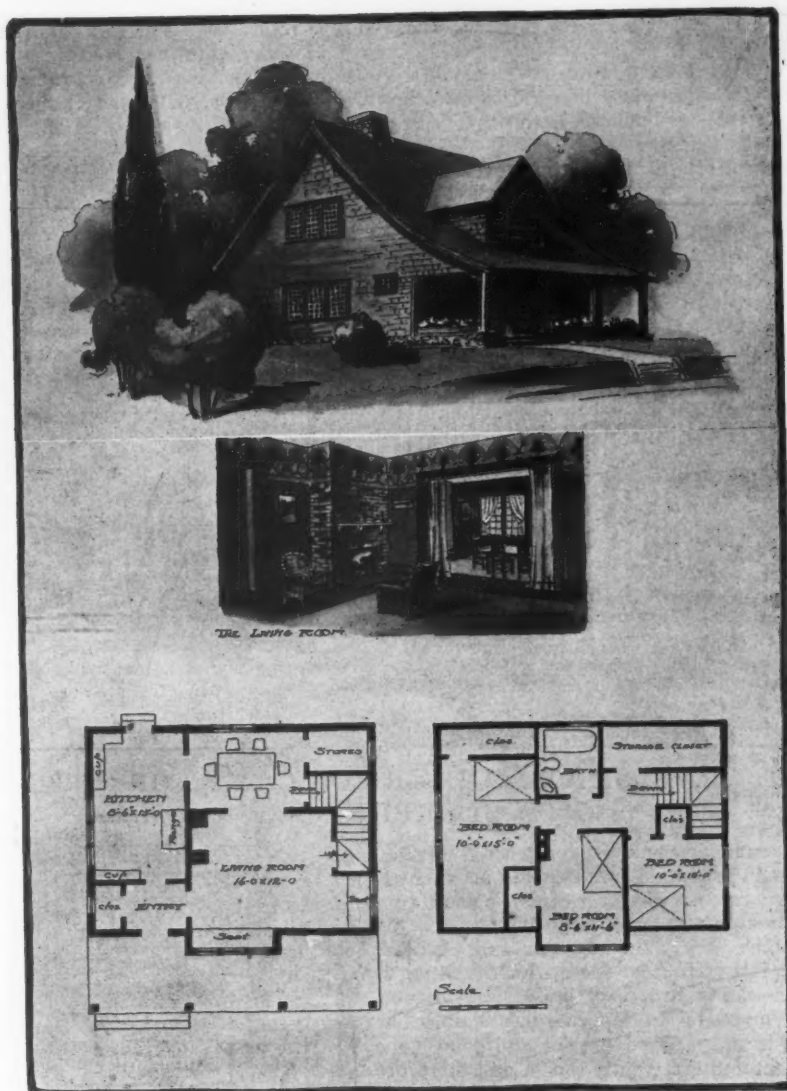
With such a camp, hospitality can be extended indefinitely by means of tents, for with a central, large living room and a kitchen, tent bedrooms can be annexed under nearby trees, and thus make possible a vacation for many people.



FLOOR PLAN FOR LOG CAMP.



## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



### NO. 29: CRAFTSMAN SIX-ROOM COTTAGE

**C**OTTAGE No. 29 (dimensions 29 by 29) represents a very simple dwelling having three rooms on the ground floor with three bedrooms and bath above. The walls are of shingles laid over building paper, affording a sure protection against cold.

The housewife without a maid will appreciate the convenient arrangement of the en-

try, which leads directly to both living room and kitchen. The alcove dining room is really an extension of the living room, but still gives seclusion when desired. The simple fireplace and broad window seats make the living room homelike and inviting, and the corner next the staircase suggests books or music.

## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



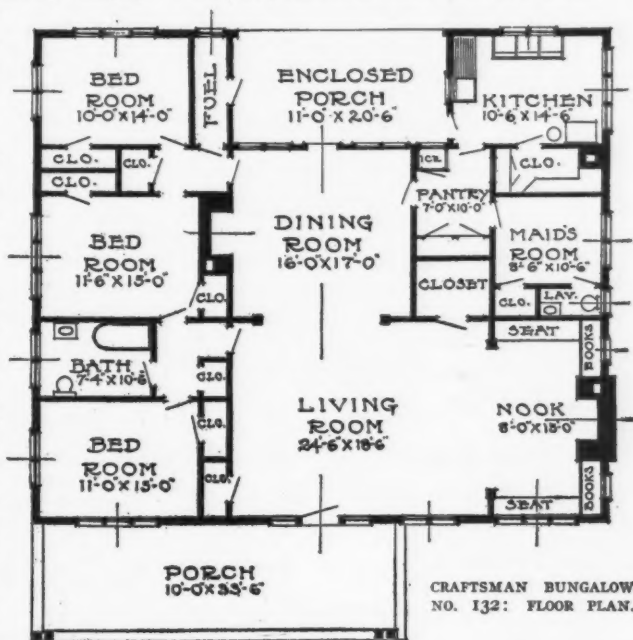
### NO. 132: SEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOW

THE one-story bungalow illustrated here (No. 132) was planned for a small family where one maid is to be kept. As the arrangement is comparatively simple, however, and there are no stairs to climb, the mistress could keep the place in order without much trouble.

The building is 55 feet wide and 58 feet 8 inches deep—these being the outside measurements, including the front porch.

This bungalow has been especially planned for a site with plenty of space around it. Although it could be built on level ground, it would look much better placed higher than the roadway, as we have shown it, on a terrace or low rolling hillside. If it were to be erected near other houses, however, it should have as high a placing as possible,

for if it were built on low ground it would be apt to seem oppressed by the surrounding buildings. This house is admirable for a seaside position because of its low lines.



## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

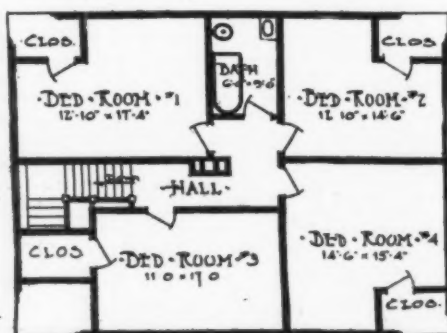
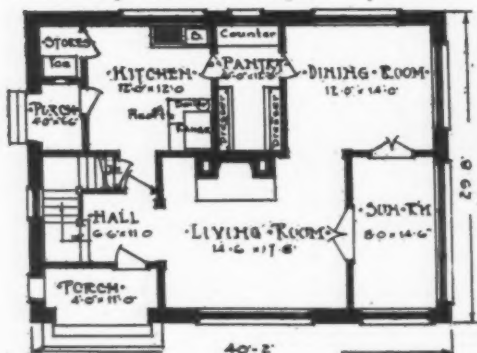


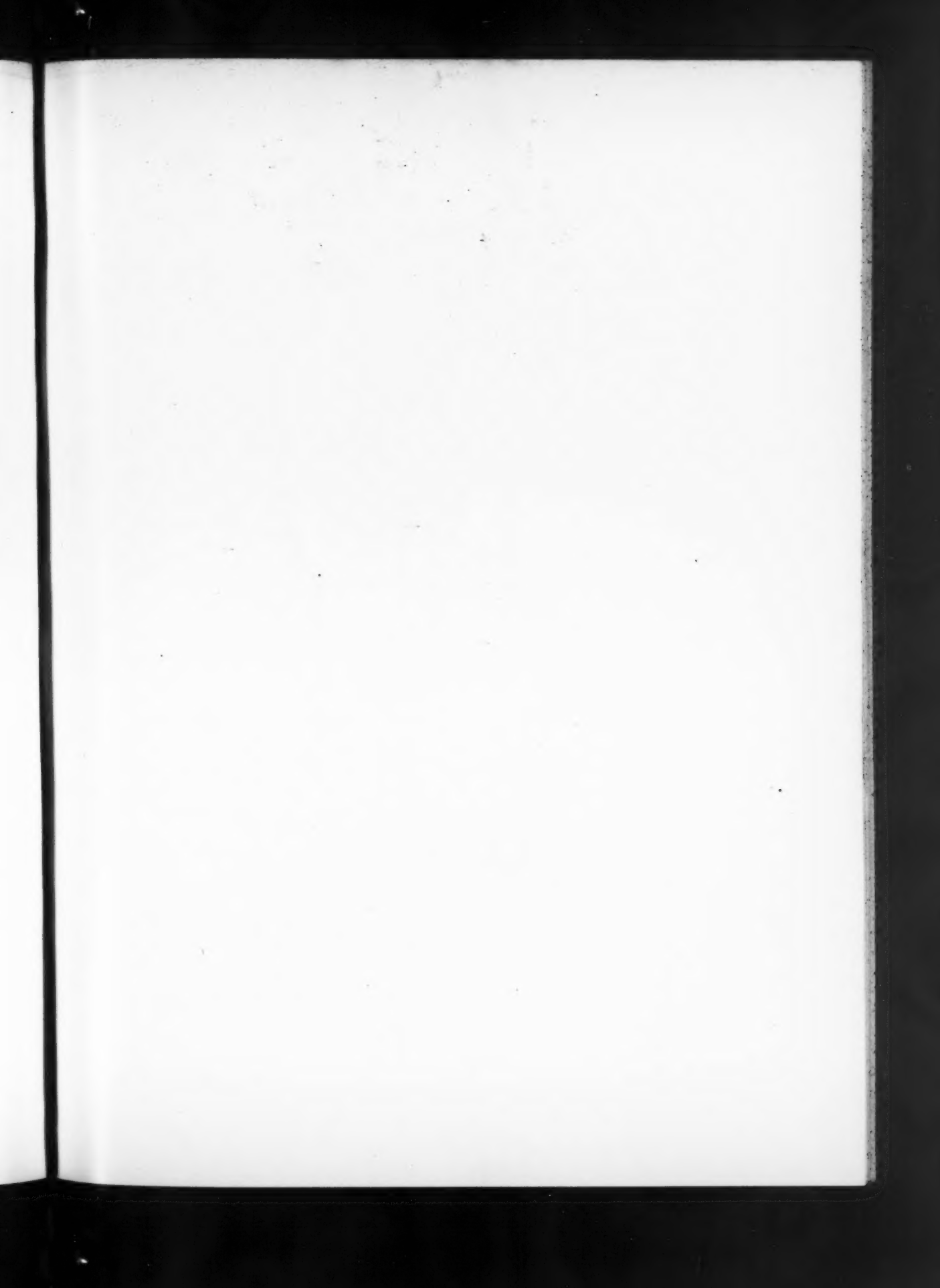
NO. 178: CRAFTSMAN HOUSE WITH GAMBREL ROOF AND WIDE DORMERS

**A**LTHOUGH ample room has been provided on the second floor of this house, it still retains a low-eaved cottage-like effect, and the gable roof and wide dormers suggest the old-fashioned Colonial farmhouse. The first story is of stone, but it can be built with equally interesting effect in cement or wide shingles. Generous window groups give the building a friendly air. Casements have been used everywhere except in the sun room, where removable windows are provided to be replaced by screens

in the summer. If flowers and ferns are used in the sun room, which opens both into the living room and dining room, they will naturally add to the cheery atmosphere of the lower floor.

If desired, a cozy Pullman nook for breakfast can be introduced in the pantry where the counter now shows. A built-in table and two benches would accommodate four persons and save many steps in the early morning when business and school hours are pressing.







*Photograph by William C. Eckman.*

**WOUNDED DIANA:** Robert Aitken, sculptor: Especially designed for the garden.